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THE

VISIONS

OF THE

SOUL,

Before it comes into the

BODY.

In Several DIALOGUES.

Written by a MEMBER
OF THE
Athenian Society.

There's an innumerable Company of Pre-existent Souls; *those that transgress, are sent down into Bodies, so as being purify'd by such Discipline, they may return again to their own Places.*

Pythagoras.

LONDON,
Printed for John Dunton, at the *Raven* in the *Poultrey*, 1692.

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The PREFACE to the Reader.

THE *Occcasion of this following Treatise, was the extravagant Doctrine of* Pre-existence; *which of late hath been so warmly manag'd, that it wants but a little more to be made a* 13th. Article in the Creed of some persons. *I have pursu'd the humour, but yet as* Comœdians *do, when they dress up an* Ape, *to make it appear more ridiculous: The Ingenious will discern it at first sight.*

To such as enquire the real Design of this Publication, I answer, the graver Conferences carry their meaning in their Frontispiece; *and the more jocose are not without their most* solid Morals; *which perhaps may be more taking to some Readers, than if they had appear'd in a common Dress.*

In the whole Discourse I have advanc'd many things wholly new *and unblown upon, more especially in the* 14th. Dialogue, *where the* Nature, Conceptions, and Actions of unbody'd Spirits *are distinctly treated of. If I am ask'd for my Authorities, I answer,* What appears reasonable, wants no other Recommendation than being so; *and as to what appears over strange, Let the Reader consider, that* Philosophy had never been improv'd had it not been for new Opinions; *which afterwards were rectify'd by* abler Pens, *and so the first Notions were lost and nameless, under new Superstructures; but such a Fate is too agreeable for my Judgment to repine at, or my Vanity to hope for.*

Perhaps I have more reason to beg pardon of my Brethren, the Members of the Athenian Society, *than of the World, in that I have only mention'd the Subject to them, without taking their ad-*

vice in the Compoſure; but my Impatient Book-Seller, *alledging the nearneſs of the* Term, *occaſion'd the hurrying it into the Preſs; ſome of our Members being juſt now gone out of Town & ſome retir'd at preſent to their Eſtates in the Countrey.*

However, to make amends for any thing of Errors which have happen'd by haſte, and want of review, (which are many) I think fit to promiſe the World Two more Pieces, *which ſhall have the inſpection of the* whole Society ——— *As this only pretends to* Viſions of the Soul, before it comes into the Body; *ſo the other two will treat* of the Sentiments of the Soul when in the Body, viz. *in Infancy, Dreams, Trances, Dotage, &c. and* the manner of its Exiſtence in a ſeparate ſtate, *till it is joyn'd again to the Body.*

The Firſt *Treatiſe is Matter of Ridicule and a Dream;* (ſee the laſt Dialogue.) *The* Two following *will bear more grave Diſcourſes, being certain Truths; and perhaps* the deepeſt Myſteries that Revelation or Natural Philoſophy can treat of; *and we hope they may be ſo manag'd as not to be a little welcome to the world, both as to removing many falſe Notions, and advancing* ſomething new.

One thing more I have to offer, that whereever the Reader *meets with ſuch Terms as* Time, Place, *or* Matter *attributed to Spirits, he take 'em not according to the common acceptation, but as ſomething* that bears ſuch proportion to Spirits, as Time, Place and Matter do to Bodies.

I have done, and doubt not but to meet with both Applauſes *and* Hiſſing, *and in* both Parties, *from ſuch as think themſelves ſufficient Judges: But I beg their Pardon, if I'm concern'd at neither; being reſolv'd to continue as ſecret and inviſible as the Beings of* Pre-exiſtent Spirits.

The

The Contents of the Several DIALOGUES.

A *Prefatory Dialogue between the* Secretary of Fate *and the* Author's Soul.

1. *Between the Spirits of a* Poet *and a* Drunkard.
2. *Between the Spirits of a* Jacobite *and a* Williamite, *about the Royal Congress.*
3. *Between the Spirits of a* Bastard *and a* Necromancer.
4. *Between the* Militia *of Rational Souls.*
5. *Between the Two Orders,* Rational *and* Vegitable.
6. *Between* Mercury, *a* Pre-existent Spirit, *a* Dead Man, Charon, *and* Hobbs.
7. *Between* Two Spirits *upon the Ramble, and the* Spirit *of an* Usurer *that had strangl'd himself, and walk'd in a Church-yard, about his own Tomb.*
8. *Between* Two Spirits, *the Order of* Vegitable Souls, *and* Cupid.
9. *Between an* Astrologer *and a* Mountebank.
10. *Between* Two Spirits, *about the Retrogradation of the* Dragon's-Head *and* Tail.
11. *Between a* Spirit *and his* Friend, *lately Imbody'd in an* Infant.
12. *Between the whole Order of* Rational Souls, *and* Two Intelligencers *from the other World.*
13. *Between the Spirits of an* Emperor *and a* Beggar.
14. *Between Two Spirits that made a Contract to keep a Correspondence, whoever came to be Embodied first.*

15.

15. *Betwixt* Two Spirits, *about the Musick of the Spheres.*

16. *Between* The Spirits *of a poor Doctor and his Friend, and a modern Philosopher,* alias Sharper,

17. *Between* Two Spirits *on the Ramble, and a Flight of* Witches, *with their* Guides

18. *Between* Two Spirits *that are to be* Mayor *and* Mayoress *of a certain* Corporation: *when they come into their* Bodies.

19. *Between the* Parcæ, (*viz.* Clotho, Lachesis, *and* Atropos,) *and a* Book-Seller.

20. *Between a* Transmigrated Soul, *and an* Unbodied Spirit.

21. *Between the whole* Consistory of Spirits, *examining a* Heretick Soul, *about some new Doctrines held forth in opposition to the common receiv'd Opinions of the* Ætherial Fraternity.

22. *Between the whole* Consistory of Spirits, *being a Discovery of Vulgar Errors, receiv'd by that suppos'd Heretick Spirit yet a Prisoner.*

23. *Between the Spirit of one that is to be a Member of the* ATHENIAN SOCIETY, *a Correspondent, and of some that are to be Queristers.*

24. *Between the Spirits of a* General, *a* Midwife, *and an* Executioner.

25. *Between the Spirits of Two Projectors.*

26. *Between Two Travelling Spirits.*

27. *Between the Spirit that is to be last Embodied, and the Spirit that is to be first re-united to its Body at the* Day of Judgment.

28. *Betwixt Two Spirits, one that pretends to deny* Pre-existence, *and the other, to prove it.*

PRO-

PROPOSALS

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IV

IV. That for a farther Encouragement to all Subscribers (*and to render our Undertaking the more compleat,*) there shall also be *a large Alphabetical Table* given in to all those that subscribe; which shall comprehend the Contents of this Volume, and of all the **Athenian Mercuries** and **Supplements** Printed in the Year 1691.

V. All who intend to assist in the Advancement of this *Useful Work*, are desired to send in their Subscriptions and Money with all speed unto the *Person hereunder named*, where Receipts will be given them: And if they arise to any *Competent Number*, the Book shall be finish'd by next *Lady-Day*, (that so it may be added as an *Appendix* to the **Athenian Mercury** for the Year 91, and be bound up with it, we designing an *Appendix* at the End of *every Year*, that shall comprehend all Books wanting in our several *Supplements*,) or otherwise, the *Design* must be let fall by the *Undertaker*.

VI. If any *Obstruction* for want of sufficient Subscriptions, or otherwise, should happen to hinder the Printing of this *Work*, the Money so received, shall be paid back upon giving up the Receipts.

The *Undertaker* is **John Dunton**, at the **Raven** in the **Poultrey**, where **Proposals** are to be had, and of most *Book-Sellers* in *London*, and in the *Countrey*.

A Prefatory Dialogue BETWEEN *The* Secretary of Fate *and the* Author's Soul.

Author's Soul. PRay look over the Minutes of the *Parcæ*, and amongst those Eternal Volumes, see, when I am fated to commence *Temporality*.

Secret. Fate, In *June, Anno Domini,* 1664: according to Humane Computation, in that part of the Globe which you are designed for.

A. S. Well, and what Fortune, what Post hath the Lottery of Fate assigned me? What Entertainment am I to expect in a new, Material Mansion?

S. F. Your Curiosity seems to argue a Desire of fixing there; but you'll be of another Mind when I tell you, that *Incorporation* is a Penalty inflicted upon Souls for their Extravagances in this World: *That the Body is a Prison, a Clog,* the most officious Enemy you can meet with in betraying you to false Perceptions, and irregular Conclusions. In short, you'll find no agreeable Object, but at such

times as you withdraw, and converſe with *Beings* as ſimply immaterial as your ſelf. Now you are an unconfin'd Agent, a Stranger to thoſe groſſer Terms of *Body, Place* and *Time:* As yet you know nothing of *Magnitude, Quantity,* or *Motion,* and thoſe innumerable Errours that reſult from them, by falſe Notions of their Nature. And when you come into the other World, you'll be as great a Stranger to the Nature of *Angels, Spirits,* and *Immaterial Beings,* as now you are of thoſe material ones.

A. S. What ſurprizing Relations are theſe! Shall I ever forget this inorganical way of Converſe? Theſe immediate Conceptions, without the Aſſiſtance of Senſe? This ſimple Particularity of Perception, without Compoſition or Diviſion? In ſhort, this Nature that I carry about me? If ſo *(dear Miniſter of Fate)* lay down ſome Rules for me to take along with me, which, after I am imbodied, may reſtore this Knowledge to me, and the unhappy Tribe of Humanity: 'Twill be a great Office of Charity, if poſſible to be accompliſhed.——

S. F. 'Tis utterly impoſſible.

A. S. ——Why ſo?

S. F. Becauſe that *a finite Power and an infinite Subject are incompatible.*

A. S. How far then is it poſſible for Humanity to conceive?

S. F. When the *Infinite Eternal Mind* was pleas'd to create *Matter, Time* and *Place,* he extended the *Cœlum Empyreum* to confine 'em in. Whatever is beyond this *vaſt Convex,* this *ſpacious Canopy,* is what has been from Eterni-

ty:

ty: Shou'd I say really what that is, Mankind cou'd not understand it, because of an Incongruity (as urged before) betwixt the *Power* and *Subject*: I might as well enjoyn 'em *to smell with their Eyes, or tune an Instrument by their Taste.* But however, to speak as near as I can to their Capacities,——— *Quantity* and *Place*, beyond the *Cælum Empyreum*, are swallowed up, as *Time* is, in *Eternity*. Before this *Cælum Empyreum* and its material Inclosures were created, all was, as now is, beyond it; and when the last Fire (a part of that material Fabrick) shall burn up all the rest of Matter, and by the *Fiat* of its *awful Creator* consume it self, there shall be no more *Matter*, *Time*, or *Place*, but all return to the first Eternal Constitution: Not so much as Bodies immortalliz'd shall be *Matter*, according to the Definition now made of it; but a new inexpressible *Something*, which cannot be translated out of the Language of Spirits, into that of Men: *Matter* is not so perfect as *Immateriality*, *Time* as *Eternity*, *Place* as *Incircumscriptability*.——— And whatever Humane *Philosophers* wou'd be at, I can experimentally assure 'em, that they come as near an Adequate Conception of these things-- when they think not at all of them, as they do in their most *Elevated Contemplations*. However, not to leave 'em altogether in the dark, a Collection of what you now do in this *pre-existent State* will (if deliver'd according to their Capacities) not make 'em less ignorant, especially when they are put in mind of the Method of their own Living before they came into their Bodies.

A. S. Perhaps they will not believe they ever acted such things, but look upon all as a *Dream* or *Fiction.*——— What think you of *Pythagoras* his Collections before he went into his Body? A Copy of such an *Original* must be authentick upon your Subscription, and consequently useful to Mankind.

S. F. I must attend the *Destinies*, who are now Sitting in Council; but when I return, I'll bring you the *Original* out of the *Registry*, which you may translate as near as the Language of Spirits can be adapted to the Language of Men.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE I.

Between the Spirits of a Poet, *and a* Drunkard.

D. WEll met, Brother: Which way is your Flight design'd?

P. I have just left the *Bosom of Causes*, to take a Prospect of the lower World, to see if there be any Preparation for my Reception there: And yet I'm much troubl'd at the Apprehension of being clogg'd with that uneasie, restless Lump of Humanity, and the attending Consequences make me very impatient.

D. Why so? What Conjectures have ye?

P. 'Tis the want of reasonable Conjectures; for by all the Observations I can make of my Temper, I cannot resolve my self whether *I'm a Male, or a Female Spirit.* But why do I thus busie my self about Sexes? Certainly 'tis ominous, and argues my Imbodying near at hand: But if after *Six Thousand Years Expectation* I shou'd be ty'd to a Poet, I shall reckon it a Fore-stalling my Damnation, and had e'en as good commence Devil, without any more adoe, and take up with one Hell.—— See you not that Wretch in yonder Grove, with his Hat over his Eyes, scratching his Head, tearing his Nails, and sending his poor Hackney-Soul about, like a Spaniel Dog, to fetch and carry Similitudes, Rhimes, Compo-

fition, &c. I remember, about Thirty Years since, when he was our Companion, he wou'd sometimes break off in the midst of a Discourse, without bidding God b'w'ye, and away to the Brooks, Groves and Fountains; which made me suspect the nearness of a Poetick Preferment. —— But, hark! —— The Humour of our late Companion in his new Lodging!

When formless and inanimate I lay,
Sleeping in Chaos *with my Fellow-Clay,*
Or e'er those teeming Particles had met,
To make this wretched Composition so compleat,
Without my Knowledge or Concurrence, thou
Bidst me awake and live. ——

Well, and what then? —— Why the Sense is out before the Rhime: Now 'twou'd be charitable to assume an Airy Organ, and help him out, *viz.* ——*I know not how.*

Poor Wretch! He knows not what to do, unless he undoes all, and begins again, which he'd as lieve be hang'd as attempt, having taken so much pains about it already. Oh, for *Sysiphus*'s restless Stone, or *Belides*'s leaking Tun! They are minute and pettite Tasks to his. Not *Ixion*'s Wheel has half the Torture of an over hasty Period. —— But this is not all: When he has undergone the bitter *Throws and Pains of Rhimeship*, then the Darling Off-spring of his Brain turns prostitute to the Abuses of all the World: The Praises of wise Men are so few, that their Voice is lost in so large a Theatre; and the numerous

rous Applauses of Fools are too loud a Scandal.——— And after all this, Is't not pity the poor Rogue shou'd take such pains to be damned? For there's not one Poet in Five Thousand that escapes. It had gone hard with *Ouldham* himself, if it had not been for the Penance of his own Satyrs. Say, *Fellow-Immateriality:* What shall I do? I can never look down upon a Couple of Lovers, but I'm afraid their Toying will end in making an *Heliconian Prison* for me; especially if the *Innamorato* is for Balls, Masquerading, and Love-Sonnets.

D. Alas, Brother! I'm all Resentment and Pity. Little do Mortals think what Plague we are at, about the Lodging and Entertainment we expect at their Hands:——— But for my part, your Apprehensions of Incorporation are all Charms, and Sweetness, to the dismal Reception I look for.

P.—— VVhy, what's the matter with you?

D.—— I can never leave our happier Regions, to visit the lower Elements, but, before I am aware, I find my self amongst Sea Fowl, hovering over Rivers, Ponds and Marshes, admiring the Scaly Sholes, and envying the Pastime of those ever thirsty Revellers. Now, VVhat can this mean, but that I'm ordain'd to actuate a Drunkard? And if so, Hell is a Toy to such a Confinement: This Moment wou'd I plunge into the boundless Depths, to be secur'd from such a Companion. But why that rash Thought? Is not Hell also crowded with 'em? And are not its Horrours doubled by their Confession? Yet, if Hell cou'd be

Hell without 'em. 'twou'd be a happy Place, and nothing in't of the Beaſt, Antick or Nonſenſe, but a rational Complaint of Deſpair. VVonder not, dear Brother, at my deeper Reflections, till you've conſider'd yonder Figure at the *Old D——l Tavern*. VVhat think you of their Motions, Converſe and Paſſions? Suppoſe all their Diſcourſe were taken in *Short-hand*, and the weakeſt Perſon amongſt 'em ſhou'd have a View of the whole when he's in a *Mood of Thinking*: VVould not he bluſh at ſuch Follies, at ſuch an unaccountable Expence of Time; eſpecially if he thought an Hour ſo ſpent was of equal length with any other Hour in the Line of Life, and muſt be equally accounted for? Alas! VVho wou'd ſuppoſe that Souls, cloyſter'd up in theſe ſenſualiz'd, unthinking Statues, were ever our Companions! Come, let's retire towards our peaceful Regions, and not be VVitneſſes of what a Mid-night Scene produces. A *Poet's Structure!* afraid of a *Poetick Manſion!* 'Tis a Paradiſe, to what I dread. Nor is there any Spirit in all our Order, that can be afraid of ſuch a Body, but I muſt meet with it in this *Epitome* of all Plagues. *A Drunkard can be Poet, Beggar, Cully, Buffoon, or any thing:* So that I am like to meet with the moſt abject Slavery in Nature.

DIA-

DIALOGUE II.

Between the Spirits of a Jacobite *and a* Williamite, *about the Royal Congress.*

W. UP, ye lazy Dog: Are not ye asham'd to kennel and snore in that Star, till it smells again of Drowsiness?

J. VVho's there?——— Now, are not you a spiteful Spirit, to disturb my Rest, when you have taken yours?——— You are just crept out of some fix'd, idle Luminary, where you have had no jolting, nor disturbance, and come to perplex me, who am already Topsie-turvy with the swift Motion of my *Erratick Mansion*, which moves at least a Hundred Miles a Minute.——— If I am out in my Computation, 'tis because I'm scarce awake.

W. Arise, prating, and let's away to the *Assignation.*

J.—— VVhat Assignation? VVhat d'ye dream of? Have ye call'd in at *Aquarius*, for a Dram o' the Pitcher?

W. No, no: A *Royal Congress* of all the Princes in *Christendom* are met together, and Thousand Thousands of naked Souls are crowding for Commissions, to inspire the succeeding Generation of that illustrious Convention.

J. VVell,

J. VVell, I do'nt care, I wait for new Revolutions; but if I did not, I wou'd not budge one Foot, for I'm sure we can't all speed; and 'twou'd vex me to the Heart *to put in for a Prince's Off-spring, and afterwards ride the Wooden Horse in St.* James' Park, *or turn Cobler.*

W. VVell, I'm loth to spoil the old Tenet in the other VVorld, that *All Souls are equal, and are only diversify'd by the Dispositions of their Organs*; or I'd proclaim thee a mean, little Soul, scarce fit to animate Plants and Minerals.

J.— Pray, be gone about your Business: I tell you once more, I'm for a *broad Sword and a Centry-Box at the End of the Canoll:* And for your Proclamations, 'tis not good I catch ye transgressing upon the Grass, left I take the Forfeiture, and give you a *Strapado* or two into the bargain.

W. I believe you are a Jacobite-Soul, or you wou'd not absent from the Congress.

J.— Perhaps I am,— and it may be I shall have a greater Commission than I tell you of: But this I can assure you, there are many Jacobites that will come in for Commissions, with *private Lewi'dores in their Fobs*, in spight of all the Care and Diligence that can be us'd to the contrary.

W.— 'Tis possible: But what's the Issue of it?— You see *Jove* has taken a particular Care of the *British Monarch's* Person and Concerns,— and every Sessions the *Triangular Supporter* preaches a late Repentance to his Enemies.

J.— —

J.——— I don't value that; that can only discompose the Body which I shall be ty'd to, and so I shall be the sooner at liberty again for more Rambles.

W.— You're mistaken; you'll find other Obligations upon your self when you come to be incorporate, than you now dream of. But turn and take th'other Nap,——— whilst I attend, and know how to be happy, either in my own, or in my Companion's good Success.

DIALOGUE III.

Between the Spirits of a Bastard *and a* Necromancer.

B.—PReach Patience to me!—— O Hell and Fury! That I who was the great Comrade of *Alexander*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Aristotle* and *Cato Utican's Souls*, *should now at length be cloyster'd up in an Oyster-Wench's Bastard!* I saw the *Saracen's-Head Porter* and her at work, but I little thought the Teeming *Embrio* was design'd for me. Alas, from how great Hopes am I fallen! The present *Lewis and his Allye* attended me like Lacquies, and if I had not been upon the Ramble at their first want of Motion, I had certainly had the Refusal of those Commissions; but now I must away, and into such a Body too, as humble *Irus* (were

(were he now alive) wou'd scorn the base Alliance, Now must I drudge about with *Dandry-Combs*, and *Small Coal-Betty*, or else move a Thoughtless Lump, from Door to Door, and often meet, instead of Bread, the threatning Charity of *Bridewell*. Add yet to this, Kib'd Heels, a Snotty Nose, and part of *Egypt's* Plagues.——— Ah *Constantine*, when only thou and I were Candidates for the *Roman Sceptre*, I little thought of such an homely Cottage.——— O Rage, VVretchedness!

N.——— VVho's this that talks of Rage and VVretchedness, without comparing his with my hard Fate? A base born *Embrio* to enliven? 'Tis a happy Residence to mine! If Fate wou'd but give me my Choice, I'd hug the *Brat*; nay, I'd give my Hopes of future Happiness to boot, and think't an easie, cheap Damnation to what I must of force endure.

B.——— How!—— Now my Impatience cools, and grows milder, to think that the Destinies have not left me the only *Stigmatiz'd Infortune*. But how, in what great Instance am I thus out-done?

N. A young *Ignatian* just form'd, when several of us pricking in the *Lottery of Fate*, he fell to my Share; whereupon I read in those *Brazen Volumes*, and found that he will be a *Necromancer*: Alas, how shall I be treated from those *Officious Imps of Darkness*, (the Assisters of that Black Art,) which I have so often chased out of these purer Regions, when they have been upon their hasty Errands?——— Or what can I expect from our *own Society*, when I my self shall hereafter come upon the same

same Account, *mounted upon a drudging Fallen Angel,* being ty'd to too great a Lump of Clay to soar aloft, as now I'm us'd to do, now I'm a *pure Agent*, unconstrain'd and free, oblig'd to truckle to no Humane Laws? But, alas! my Freedom is about to sink, *Incorporation* beckens me, (a Law severer than all the Test to Mankind.——— The first Choice I now expect, is to commence *Junior Devil,* and wear th'*Impostor's Badge.* I sell my self, to buy Preferment in that *holy Tribe.* But, O the *foppish Rules* that I must use, to cheat my self and others! Such Words repeat, and such Characters draw; such antick Postures use, and such Familiars entertain: And then the Consequence of all this is only to please this Sense, or gratifie that Malice; when all's a most egregious Cheat and Fiction, only the Ensurance of Damnation is real. I remember Dr. *Faustus*'s Spirit said as much to me, and boasted how he'd fool the Devil: But when he came to be inclos'd in Flesh, he streight unactive grew, dull, and incapable to think, project, or judge of what he undertook; and when he dar'd to play about the *fiery Ditch,* he fell, and sunk for ever.

B.— Alas, hard Fate!—— Well, since we must away, where is this *Jesuit* to live?— Say,— that when our Bodies are asleep, we may meet, converse, and pity one another's Hardships.

N.——— Within Ten Miles of *London.*---- *He that can play at Leger-demain with Hell, can easily Bilk an Act of Parliament.*

B.--- True :--- I shall find you out.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE IV.

Between the Militia *of Rational Souls.*

Capt. WEll, Gentlemen, the Quarrel increases betwixt the Souls of *our Order*, and those of the *Vegitable*; I can't yet tell what will be the Event, but I think it Wisdom to discipline our selves in the Art of War, which we have almost lost, 'tis so long since the Skirmish of *Michael and his Angels, with the Devil and his.* I was but *Lieutenant* then, and brought up the File next the lowest Rank of *Angels*, but we quickly did the Business when we came to engage; and I doubt not but we shall have the same Success against these turbulent *Vegitable Spirits*, if they do proceed to muster.

Lieut. 1. But, pray *Captain*, what Remarks did the *Astrologers* and *Virtuosi* of the little, heavy Globe, called *Earth*, make on the Action?

Capt. VVhy, truly, (as one of *our Order*, that held Correspondence with 'em, told us,) they retir'd to their Closets, and were ready to crack their Brains; all the Pious went to Prayers, and not one amongst that Race, but were almost distracted. The Roaring of our *Vehicles* they call'd *Thunder*; our *Balls* they called *Thunder-bolts*; and our Priming with the *Antiperistasis* of *Snow* and *Spiritous Sulphure*, that they call'd *Lightning*; and all this to such a Miracle,

Miracle, that 'twas put in their Chronicles. But another remarkable Paſſage was this; the Elements clear'd up, and Men ventur'd out of their Houſes again, to view the Heavens, when we had juſt routed the *Rebels*, and were in purſuit of 'em, *leaping from Star to Star*; which made the gazing World below us think 'twas a *Shooting of Stars.*——— But to the Buſineſs in hand: Is our whole Number here?

Lieut.——— Yes, *Captain.*

Capt. Very well.—— *Silence there.*——

To the Right, To the Right, To the Right: As ye were.

To the Left, To the Left about: As ye were.

Lieut.——— You make too great a Noiſe, the World below us will be alarm'd again, and expect a Charge upon their Heads.

Capt.—— Who's there, that Catechiſes me? Set him upon *Charles's Wain*, with two Dozen of *Thunder-bolts* at his Heels, and to abide the firſt Charge of our *Infantry* for his Sawcineſs.—So, very well:—— Mind that third File.—— Keep in Order, or you ſhall ride with your Companion.—— *Silence there behind.*———

Exhale new Vapours.
Condenſe new Clouds.
Shape your Clouds into Vehicles.
Prepare your Balls and Hail-ſtones.
Prime with Snow.
Ram down.
Advance.
Preſent.
Charge.

Lieut.

Lieut.—— Oh, dear Captain, How am I pelted! See how the Region is scowr'd behind me for Three Hundred and Fifty Leagues together: Then what must I suffer, that am so near your roaring Muzzles.

Capt.— Enough: Let him down.— But who is yonder, that makes such haste towards us?

Messenger.— O Captain, Sad News! Your last Charge has overthrown three of the *Planets Houses*, and ruin'd all their *Aspects*, *Conjunctions*, *Oppositions*, &c. that they will never be habitable again: So that all the *Astrologick Souls* are up in Conspiracy, and swear a Revenge for spoiling their Trade.

Capt. How? How's that?

Messenger. Aries, *Taurus* and *Gemini* are no more, and the *Astrologers* are up in Arms.

Capt. Astrologers dare neither plot nor fight, unless they consult the Stars.—— Now, if the *Planets Houses* are broke down, the Art is buried in the same Ruines: So that there's no danger of any thing but Noise, or Revolt to the *Vegitable Souls.*—— Well, *Lieutenant*, for the future you'll learn to be more modest:— See that you take a List of Names, and call a *Rendesvouz* for Exercise once a Week, and remember to fill up the Places of such Souls as are sent into the other World: You need not trouble your self about your Charge, it will last but till 1697. 'Tis said the *Milennium* begins then.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE V.

Between the two Orders, Rational *and* Vegitable.

Prolocutor, WELl, Gentlemen, since we are all equal by Creation, and Inequality is only contingent by Actuation in different Organs, my Opinion is this, (though I'm willing to submit to the Judgment of this *honourable Consistory*,) that a Contention about Superiority may, by a solemn Decree, be enacted Criminal, and a severe Penalty enjoyn'd; or else, that the *two Orders of Spirits* may chuse their several Champions for a friendly Dispute, and cast Lots who shall begin, that we may never hereafter be troubl'd to compose our continu'd *Ætherial Wranglings*.

Both Orders,—— A Friendly Dispute, decisive by Plurality of Voices, is the best Method.

Prolocutor,-- Chuse your Champions then. Is't done?

Both Orders,——Yes; and the first Lot falls upon the *Vegitable*.

The Plea of Vegitable Souls *for a Superiority over the* Rational Souls.

Vegit.—— I cannot but think my self extreamly happy, (Most Reverend Judges,) in that I have this Opportunity, on the Behalf of

cur Ooder, (whether design'd for *Trees*, *Herbs*, or *Minerals*,) to make my publick Defence against that imperious *Order* of *Rational Souls*, who daily subject us to their Abuses, and anticipate the Tyranny which their Brethren, now incorporate in the Lower World, usurp over us.

But, not to tire your Patience with remote Circumstances, I shall only apply my self to what's materially pertinent to the Business in hand, not doubting to prove, but that we ought to be equal, at least, if not preferr'd upon all Accounts that have ever yet been judg'd sufficient for a Distinction of Priority in other Cases.

And *First*, An *Apple-tree* is an Existent in Nature, as well as *Man*, and much more observant of her Laws; is never drunk nor gluttonous, invades not the Right of its Neighbours, never lyes, circumvents or quarrels, never cries nor laughs at Appearances of things, never fools nor cheats it self, nor is proud of its own Shame: But all this, and greater Irregularities than these, are committed by *Mankind*, against the *juster Laws of Nature*. Now the Consequence is plain, that *Mankind* being greater Aggressors upon the Privileges of Nature than we, we must be dearer to Nature than they; and we doubt not but the Preference was design'd us, only they got the start by some Trick and Circumvention, and wou'd now endeavour to perpetuate their Usurpations by Custom. Thus far to our purer Innocence, and exacter Observance of Nature's Laws; which is our first Argument for Preference.

Next

Next, To the Excellency of our Existence after Incorporation; in which, *Nature* shews a particular Care of us, by assuming us into her *immediate Midwifery*; but, as if she were afraid to be accessary to the *monstrous Procreations of* Man, leaves him to the Caprices and Whimseys of his own Lust, to beget, or not beget, as he pleases. And when he is begot, what Image bears he? Perhaps he'll tell ye, the Image of the *God of Nature*. But we beg his Pardon there, and shall take the Freedom to tell him, that his Vices have effac'd that; and now, instead of his polluted *Body*, *Legs*, *Arms*, *Feet*, *&c.* we can shew an innocent *Trunk*, *Root*, *Branches*, *Fruit*, *&c.* And as to his Immortality, we are not yet behind him; for we can't be annihilated, but are always somewhere, or in some thing. Nay, the last Fire it self shall beget in us (as well as in him) a more glorious Change, and not destroy us. But as to our Converse, or Knowledge in the Laws and Constitutions of *Nature*, he is far our Inferior; and he might quickly discern it, if he wou'd but use the same Measures for Trial, as he does with his Neighbours; who, if they can do well, he concludes they can say well. But when do we act irregularly? Are we not always just, temperate? *&c.* In *Minerals*, the Whispering and Embracements of the *Load stone* and *Iron* might convince proud Humanity of our Knowledge: As also the Love between the Stone *Pantarbe* and *Gold* is as noble as that single Instance of a *Pylades* and *Orestes*. Amongst Trees and Plants, the Friendship between the *Olive* and *Myrtle*, the Nature

of *Senſible Plants*, (as your Pride condeſcends to call 'em,) which ſhrink at the ſacrilegious Hands of Humanity; the Plant which ye call the *Indian Lamb*; the dropp'd Leaves of ſome Trees, which run away from you, and many more ſuch Inſtances, might ſatisfie you of ſome hidden Worth and Knowledge in us, which ye paſs over becauſe ye can't conceive the Profundity of it, by reaſon of the weakneſs of your Organs, and Defectibility of Judgment: And yet, notwithſtanding all this, you ſhall have an ingrateful, proud Man come into an Orchard, on the Back ſide of a Houſe he calls his own, (Fool that he is, to be ſo miſtaken in Loans and Uſurpations,) and with a threatning Ax hew down ſome poor, helpleſs Tree, not conſidering all the time, that cou'd he underſtand the *Victim Vegitable's Dialect*, he might hear himſelf thus upbraided:--- *Ingrateful Man! Where is my Fault? What have I done, thus to be wounded, and tore from my happy Society, into the revenging Fire? Is it becauſe I yielded my Fruit Without a Grudge, and paid the Annual Rent of Nature without Acquittance? Becauſe I kept the ſtormy Winds from off thy Houſe, or lent my hoſpitable Branches for thy Poultrey, to retreat from the ravenous Fox and Polecat? To grow and fructifie is my Ill; and to deprive me of that, becauſe I am good, or becauſe I cannot defend my ſelf, complain, or reſiſt thee, is the ſame Cruelty as to engage a Benefactor, bound Hand and Foot. Honeſt* Pythagoras, *although upon wrong Principles, wou'd not have treated me thus.* Thus might this Tyrant of Nature hear the injur'd Tree expoſtulate with him, if he had Senſe and

and reason enough to do it. Thus much for the Excellency of our Nature when incorporate: and which we might urge as an Argument of Preference.

But after all, we'll relinquish the Advantages of what has been said, on purpose (if possible) to gratifie that Monster *Humanity*, and only insist upon the ensuing *Topick*, which has nothing in't of Accusation, Censure, or Pride, *viz.* 'Tis generally believ'd all Souls are equal in *Entity*; whereupon it follows, that we are not yet drain'd into the Posteriors of *Immateriality*, having not yet suffer'd any Change, or been included in Matter or Form; so that whatever Indignities have hitherto been cast upon us, it has been out of a Supposition of Degeneration by mingling with improper Organs in the lower world: Now either we are compell'd to it or not; the last ye are sensible is not our choice, and the first there's no resisting; and if so, we ought not to be despis'd for what we can't avoid; for we being commanded into Organs that are only fit for *Vegitation*, do *Vegitate*, and the *Rational* finding a convenient Organ for *Ratiocination*, does *ratiocinate*. Whereas if the *Rational* had been cloyster'd in the Organs of *Vegetables*, or the *Vegitable* had been sent into the Organs of *Rationals*, we had chang'd our Offices, and commenc'd alternate Beings: Where is the difference then, or what reason is there for *Rationals* to pretend Priority overus? None at all; No more than when Three Novice-Dicers shou'd cast 8, 10, or 12, and he that

throws most, shou'd brag of his Nobility, for being a greater Debtor to *Fortune* than the others: Thus our degrees of *Existence* in the other world, will be owing not to our proper Choice, but a *Despotick Impulse and Disposal of Fate*; so that we shall actuate there like exil'd Kings, who are not less of the *Blood-Royal*, for Suffering or Confinement.

The Defence of the Rational Order *of Souls, against the Plea of the* Vegitable Order.

Rational.——Our *Vegitable Orator* (most judicious Auditory) has been pleas'd to offer to relinquish the Advantages of the former part of his Harangue, when he found he had spent his Stock of Calumny, to raise a prejudice in your Unbyas'd Judgments against the Dignity of our *Order*, and afterwards, under prerence of Accommodation, being sensible of the weakness of his Cause, wou'd insinuate one *Topick* void of *Accusation, Censure*, or *Pride*, (as he calls it,) we might add, or *Reason*.) But as we are not against any Overtures of Peace that shall be decreed by this *Worthy Assembly*; so we shall endeavour to shew a deep resentment of any dishonouble Terms to attain it.

Wherefore we restore our *Antagonist* all the Advantages he can make of the former part of his Discourse; which we shall discuss particularly.

And first, We never treated these *Vegitables* as *Non-Existences* in Nature, nor have they proved one Act of Tyranny which we have exercis'd

exercis'd over 'em. And why they shou'd boast of their not being, drunk, injurious, lying, quarrelling, circumventing, &c. is very ridiculous; since their Organs incapacitate them from such Functions. Suppose it were criminal to fly, shou'd a Rock boast of its Virtue in refraining? Not, unless Nature had given it Wings, Power and Pleasure to fly: And they'll come off no better in accusing us of quarrelling, injustice, &c. It shews the great variety of Functions we are capable of. Besides, in doing so, we pursue an appearance of some Good, (for we can't will Evil as Evil,) and in doing so, we act naturally; so that at the same time as they accuse us of quarrelling, &c. they accuse themselves of blooming, fructifying, &c. which is natural to them. As for that observation, of Natures assuming them into her *immediate Midwifry* and Care, and leaving us to our own pleasure in Generation, 'tis an argument of our prehemenence; for Nature deals with them as Parents do with Children and Fools; they must be fed, kept out of Fire and Water, and Provision made for 'em; but we being above such little usages, are able to procreate without compulsion, and are accordingly left to our selves; *Nature always employing most of her Care where her works are most weak and imperfect.*

As to the defacing our first Image by our Vices, we have already answer'd it above; in shewing how ridiculous and foreign it is to urge a Case out of their own *Classis*, altho' if they were capable to understand it, we cou'd tell 'em of a remedy for our restoration.

But what a wretched Argument they bring to make their Duration equal to our Immortality, upon ſuppoſition of Non-annihilation; for tho' we grant 'em to be always ſomewhere or in ſomething after a ſpecifick diſſolution by Motion, (or Fire, which is the ſame,) yet they come to be nameleſs,--indiſtinguiſhable, and as hard to find out, as when they lay in the boſom of their *Chaos* or *firſt Matter*, and 'tis as good to be nothing, as an undefinable Separation of unknown Particles. But we put off our Nature to receive it again more refin'd than before.

The next Argument inſiſted on, was, *Their excellency of Converſe, and Knowledge of the Laws and Conſtitutions of Nature*; which is all *Ænigma* and Riddle to *our Order*, nor can we ſuppoſe it, for all thoſe Inſtances that they have brought to confirm it, without violence to Reaſon; but however, ſince we will not be behind 'em in Civility, for quietneſs ſake, we'll grant 'em an *unknown Dialect and Converſe*, and ſee what will come on't then.

The Idiom of your Language, be it what it will, is not to be excus'd from Lies, Slanders, Hereſie, *&c*, For no doubt, but when a *Learned Tree* amongſt ye, holds forth the Doctrine of Fructificaton, *&c*. you ſhall have its next Neigbour with ſecret ſubterranean Fibres, felloniouſly ſucking away the Sap and Life of its Teacher; and the more audacious *Wood-bine*, not aſham'd of a publick Rape upon every *Plant* it meets with, and ſince ye your ſelves agree that Words and Actions are Sympathetick, what Equivocations, private Cabals

Cabals and Plots ye have together, when ye see an hopeful *Embryo-Plant*, without giving any affront, environ'd round, and strangled to death with an Ambush of malicious Thorns and Briars: And since ye give us two or three Instances of the Sympathy (which ye call Converse) between *Plants* and *Minerals*, ye must give us the Liberty to observe, that 'tis but them Instances, and a few more that are to be found in your whole *Oeconemy*, but that generally you are so suspicious, and afraid of one anothers Tricks, and Circumventions, that ye keep no Correspondence at all. As to a man's Tyranny over his *Apple-Tree*, in cutting it down when he pleases, the Imputation is lost, if we prove he has a right to do it, as we shall by and by, when we come to consider your last *unanswerable Topick*: In the mean time, the fine Harangue you make the falling Tree to speak, is very different from the custom of other Trees, who in such a moment are rather studying revenge, than any thing else; as may be seen by their often falling upon, and killing the person that cuts 'em down; nay, we cou'd give you some Instances where your Revenge has been so unjust, as to destroy the Horses and Oxen, that only stood by to draw ye away, and that only in obedience to their Master's Command.

And now to the *last Topick*; the only Pillar upon which ye boldly offer'd to lay the Structure of your whole *Plea*, in which you urge, That there's no reason of preheminence where the choice is not our own, but *the despotick Impulse or Disposal of Fate*; bring-

ing

ing the Instances of *Dicers*, and the Nobility of an *Exil'd King*; to which, we answer, That Dignity is Dignity, whether acquir'd or conferr'd, to use your own Instance: Suppose *A. B. C.* equally skilful, throw, who should throw most for a certain Preferment, and *C.* accidentally, or by a secret Order of Fate, casts 12, when *A.* cast only 8, and *B.* 10, is not *C.* upon his *Investiture* into his Office, more honourable than *A.* and *B.* especially when they come bare-headed to petition such or such a Favour from him, they are mad if they don't believe it, and he deserves himself to be turn'd out of his Office that undervalues it, so far as not to execute it, and keep up its Privileges. To the last Instance, we answer, That Fate is not accountable to Persons, whether it prefers or debases 'em; but it expects in both conditions they make the best of its disposals: and thus we conclude, not at all doubting the favourable Suffrage of this *Convention*, to confirm our Privileges and Dignity above the Order of *Vegitables*.

Major Part.——The *Rational*, the *Rational Order*.

Prolocutor.——Well Gentlemen, withdraw, there shall be an effectual Care for a Regulation of what's amiss; and as near as may be, to a general Satisfaction, and so depart in Peace.

DIA-

DIALOGUE VI.

Between Mercury, *a Pre-existent Spirit*, *a* Dead Man, Charon, *and* Hobbs.

Mercury—STand back there, I'm in great haste; a poor VVretch that lies strugling under the pangs of Separation, cannot be loos'd till I hand him to *Charon's Ferry*.

Spirit—Pray good *Mercury*, hold a little, I have one requeſt to beg of you.

Merc.——Speak——Speak quickly, VVhat is't?

Sp.——Only be my Guardian, and let me wait upon you into the other VVorld, thence to the Infernal Shades, and ſo back again.

Merc.——Indeed your *Order* has been very civil to me always when I paſt theſe Regions, and tho' it will be ſome trouble to me, yet your Requeſt is granted,——take hold of that end of my *Wand*, and keep cloſe behind me.

Sp.——VVhat ſtrange——

Merc.——Huſh, not a word, we are now at our firſt Journeys end.——Ay, that's the Object; ſee how Death has fixt his Eyes, and ſits triumphant upon his Lips: So, now I have eas'd him, his Corps muſt be left to be lamented and buried by his Friends, but he marches with us.

Sp.——VVhere is he?

Deadman.

Deadman——Here, VVhat do ye design to do with me?

Merc.——That last Office I do to all Mankind——Conduct you to your last Aboad——Holo *Charon*, make haste, and take this Fare.

Charon——VVhat is he? He smells of Parchment, Subpœna's, Injunctions, &c. VVas he not *towards the Law?*

Dead.——Yes, I have been a *Barrister.*

Ch.——*Mercury*, I dare not take him with all that Luggage about him; he'll sink the *Wherry.* Take away that *Forgery*——Very well, and that *double Mortgage*——So, and that *Parcel of Replications, Writs of Error*, &c.——Ay, now we are light enough, we'll be over presently.

Dead. VVhere am I now?

Merc.——Amongst your Predecessors; you are welcome to Shoar, and so farewel; Come along Comrade.

Sp——Tarry a little, he says something. I wou'd fain know what Thoughts I shall entertain, when I have left my Body.

Dead.——Amongst my Predecessors? Then I'll go seek out for Mr. *Hobbs*, to know the reason why I am thus cruelly treated, when I follow'd his Rules, so exactly.——Yonder he goes——*Hobbs*, Mr. *Hobbs.*

Hobbs——How I am continually plagu'd, with my new Proselytes, that lay all their Damnations at my door? But I believe some on 'em put upon me; I'll question this new Comers Principles——Do you know me?

Dead.

Dead.——Yes to my Sorrow: ——What think you now of your Doctrine of Fatality?

Hobs——What Doctrine do ye mean?

Dead.——That every individual person is fated to all the Actions of his Life; yea, even the most minute and inconsiderable; as for instance, to get up at such a time of the Day, to feed himself precisely at such an Hour, and with such a certain number of bits, to go over the Streets at so many Steps, to Whore and be Drunk at such a time, to go to Prayers and be Melancholy at such a time, to dispute against his Principles at such a time: In short, that all that we *think, say, and act,* are necessarily predestin'd, and run as links in an inevitable Chain of Causes.——What think ye of the Reasons of this Hypothesis now? That we are made up of two parts, a Soul, and a Body; and that when these are conjoyn'd we must live necessarily as long as we do live; and that so long as we do live, we must necessarily have a mind which has its perception by the Senses: That as this perception is necessary, so is the choice that we make by it: As for instance, Something that is good, or at least appears so to the perception, offers it self, and as such, 'tis impossible to refuse it, as a proper Object to the mind, as 'tis also impossible after perception, to choose an Evil as such; and thus we are fated to Whoring for those Arguments which our reason offers, that we should refrain, carry not along with 'em so great a good to our perception, as those other reasons that induce us to it, and as a great power necessarily commands a lesser, so the will

will neceſſarily chooſes it as moſt agreeable to it, and thus I refrain VVhoring, when there appears a greater good to let it alone: Thus I am fated to make ſo many ſteps in walking the length of my Chamber, becauſe to ſtep ſo far at a ſtep, appears more agreeable to my Conſtitution, Fancy, *&c.* than to ſtep further or ſhorter, and therefore as moſt agreeable, it moſt inclines my will, which therefore is neceſſitated to act accordingly: As to the Body it depends neceſſarily upon the Mind, for my Hand cannot move of it ſelf, unleſs I move it, and if I move it, it is neceſſitated to move, and can't help it; and thus, Mr. *Hobbs*, I'm neceſſitated to be Damn'd, becauſe the way to it, had more appearance of good in it, than walking in another way, and therefore I cou'd not but chooſe it. Oh! what an *Unhappy Wretch* was I, that was not fated to examine this Doctrine by the ſame Meaſures that I did all others; truth is only known by falſhood, and falſhood by truth; black by white, and white by black, and every thing by its contrary: What a Myſterious Riddle then is this, *Which is both, and all one? viz.* Do, or do not do, 'tis fated. If I wou'd have done a thing, and examin'd it's contrary, *viz.* cou'd not do it, or *vice verſa*, then there had been fate in the caſe, otherwiſe Hobbism, or a new Riddle, whoſe Solution had been Ruine in one World, and Damnation in another. What's the meaning of Laws, Rewards, and Puniſhments? For if I act what I muſt act, Why am I bid to do ſo, or forbid to do ſo? If I rob my Neighbour, Why ſhou'd a little

ſuper-

superinduc'd Law take hold of me, and not that great Law of Fatality preserve me since I act agreeable to it? What injustice can I do when eternal Fate stands by me, and warrants all my Actions? Fool that I am, was I to live my Life over again, I wou'd only believe, and warrantably too, that Fate, though it be like a Law, yet it speaks not in this manner; *This Man shall do thus, and this thing shall befal that Man*, but rather thus, whatsoever a Soul chooseth, such and such things shall certainly follow; for 'tis not the Action, but the Consequence of the Action, that is Fate.——If Fate had design'd, that if *Paris* Ravish'd *Helena*, the *Grecians* shou'd contend with *Troy* about it: But this was once in *Paris*'s power to do, or not to do without Compulsion or Necessity. Thus *Apollo* foretold *Caius*, That *if he begat a Son, that Son would kill him*, which was conditional and not necessary, thus *Plato*; *If it were not thus, the ill have a protection for their Vices, and the Good deserve no praise.* To which I might add, *That there are certain Moral Instincts, co essential with Humanity, eternally fixt and unchangeable, such as Love, Justice, Religion*, &c. *not fitted to a private temper, or a particular Nation, to these Instincts we are all really chain'd by a Fatality and necessity of Act, more or less, notwithstanding all our struggles to be rid of 'em, but to speak of Fatalities in opposition to these, is to charge the great eternal mind with Contradictions, Divisions, and at last with Non-Entity*; which now I can too late think of: Oh that I cou'd, that I cou'd.———

Sp.—Pray *Mercury* let's begone from this unhappy Subject of Fatality, and let's see something new among the Dead. I want to take a view of *Alexander*, *Cæsar*, *Hercules*, *Epimenondas*, and the other brave *Heroes*, so much talkt of, or the great Philosopher *Menippus*, I know not which to ask for first.

Merc.—*Menippus*! He was the greatest Man the World ever bred, his life really Philosophiz'd, whilst others Talk'd,—That is he there, you cannot vex him.

Sp. Lend me your *Wand*, I'll hit him one dab on's Pate for Tryal.——

Merc. No, no, you must be civil to Strangers.—See that behind him is——*Hercules.*

Sp.—But where's his Club? Methinks he looks so like a *silly Puny*, that I durst venture a foil with him: But where's fair *Hellen*, and the ugly *Thersites?*

Merc.—They stand together there.

Sp.—Bless me! *How the Dead equals all things?* I have only one other Question to ask, and I have done; Pray *Mercury*, of what Quality or Calling are those generally, who are dignified for their Vertue.

Merc.—Ignorant poor Labourers of both Sexes, that have been the greatest Enemies to their Sences, those Nurses of all Vice.

Sp.—This will be strange News for our Ætherial Inhabitants, who are all gaping to be *Lords*, *Dukes*, *Princes*, *and Emperors.*

Merc.—Come, let's be gone, my business is never sleeping.

Sp.——I can't press upon you any longer,—pray lead the way—Strange! Where are we

we got already?——— What fine Countries are yonder?——

Merc.— *Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Bithinia*, &c.— Well, Do you know where you are now?

Sp.— In my own Region. Thanks, kind *Mercury* for this Kindneſs.

Mer. I am glad I have gratify'd you. Farewell.

Sp.—— Farewell.

DIALOGUE VII.

Between Two Spirits *upon the Ramble, and the* Spirit *of an* Uſurer *that had ſtrangl'd himſelf, and walk'd in a Church-yard, about his own Tomb.*

1. *Sp.*— METhinks (tho' I know no reaſon for't) I tremble to come ſo near theſe Regions of Death and Horrour. What ſhou'd we do here, amongſt the *Graves* and *Tombs* of the *Deceaſed*? Is it pleaſant to view the Triumphs of that pale-fac'd *Tyrant*?

2. *Sp.*—— No: But if we can find ſome of our old Acquaintance, hov'ring o'er the Priſons of their Bodies, it may be a Satisfaction to ask ſome Queſtions. There is one

that often visits his *Tomb*, (and Body, which he left too hastily :) He can't be long absent, the *Clock* has struck Twelve.—— Hush, here he comes:—— Stand still, and put on Invisibility.

Suicide,—— Hail, dear *Tomb!* the dear Repository of my other Part.——— But why shou'd I love and pardon the adulterous Lump, which left me, for the Embraces of *Death*; and being deaf to all Intreaties and Reasons, violently thrust me out of Possession. How am I then bewitch'd, to visit the old, ingrateful Mansion, and assume an Aerial Resemblance of what I once was!—— Assist me, *Fancy*: What Hair had he?—— Right. And what a Face?—— That's exact.—— Now, for a Body, Arms, Thighs, Legs and Feet? They are more easie.—— So.—— Now, for Cloaths?—— That's truly imitated. Now methinks I am *A.*-- *B.*- the very same throughout: How I hug my self in this Figure!—— There's nothing wanting now, but to tell Moneys upon this *Grave-stone*, till the envious *Cock* proclaims a too too eager Flux of Time.-- Very well: Now I am seated.—— Perhaps some Fools may be frightn'd at me.

2. *Spirit*.—— Why ha' now, old Comrade? What's the meaning of this wealthy Posture? Come, will ye give a Bag or two for old Acquaintance sake?

Suicide.—— Why upon this Errand at such an unseasonable Hour? You are come on purpose to give me a Visit: Are n't ye?

2. *Spirit*.——— Yes, we are so: And we hope your Entertainment will be suitable to *Visitants*;

Visitants; especially, since we expect no more from you, than the Solution of a few Questions.

Suicide.—— Pray, What are they? I'll oblige ye, if I can.

2. *Spirit.*—— What Apprehensions have Mankind, when they see this *Airy Vehicle* that you assume every Night? Whether is the Spectacle pleasant through the Novelty of it, or dismal for want of understanding it.

Suicide. Mankind has very different Apprehensions of me: Some, when they see me, run stark mad immediately. Others come on purpose, swearing, all's Delusion, a Cheat, or an Imposition on the Senses; and when they see us, won't believe their Eyes; only sometimes we have particular Commissions to undeceive 'em, with a witness. A Third Sort, a little wiser than both, keep so much *Presence of Mind as to see us, and troop off quietly*, with their Hair bolting up an end. But here and there are a very few that have more adequate Conceptions of us, and neither seek nor flee our Company, knowing that we Souls and Spirits have no more Power over 'em in Bodies, than we have out; and that whatever Power we have at any time is only lent us, and also limitted, and not to be extended when and where we please: So that we are really no more in our own Nature and Power, than what their Fancy makes us. Thus Reason secures some against us; and Religion a very few, who can master all the little Suggestions of Fear by their Faith.

2. *Spirit.*—— Very well.——— Next, Why do ye thus hanker after a rotten, putrifying Body; chusing that Shape that it once bore, before all others?

Suicide.——— Because I was turn'd out of doors by violence, without so much as taking my Leave of it, or its bidding me Farewell.—And cou'd I quietly brook such an abrupt, hasty Separation from a Comrade, I had been so intimate with for near Seventy Years? What tho' it was deaf to my Counsels and Reasonings, yet it was my other Part; and as before Incorporation I found my self imperfect, but half an Entity, now I am so again, and shall be, till I am re-united to my old Companion. But this is all Riddle to you, who have not yet known how Souls act in Bodies, how the Intellect conceives *Ideas* of Material Objects by the Senses. Did you but know how the Visive Power conveys the Similitude of the Thing seen to the Soul, you'd wish to be incorporate, tho' it were *in one single Eye*: How much more when you'd have all the Senses to command? When you'd have a whole *Microcosm* to rule in, like a Deity? Now, after all this, Which of you wou'd not love the Remembrance of such an Union, and imitate it, till the time of Re-union renders ye a perfect, compleat Being again?

Quest. But what was the Reason of your sudden Separation from the Body?

Answ. The Body being part of my self, I was willing to gratifie it as far as I cou'd, even to a Weakness; which I continu'd so long, till it grew habitual, and I lost my Command,

mand, fixing my Happiness upon wrong Objects, *viz.* the little Concerns of the World; which bearing no Analogy or Proportion to the Greatness of a Soul, caus'd an Uneasiness. 'Tis incongruous to try Sounds by the Taste, they being the only proper Objects of the Ear. There is no Object for the Soul, but God; as appears by its Rest when fix'd on him, and Uneasiness every where else. And thus I, by the Importunity of my Body, and the Defectibility of just Perception, expecting Happiness where it was not to be had, grew impatient under the Disappointment, even to *Strangling*, to be rid of the Burden.

2. *Spirit.*—— Alas, unfortunate Brother! We can do no more than pity thee, and own our Obligations for these Discoveries.—— Farewell.

DIALOGUE VIII.

Between Two Spirits, *the Order of* Vegitable Souls, *and* Cupid.

1. *Sp.*—— WEll, What News, Brother?

2. *Sp.*—— The strangest Adventure you ever heard of. *Cupid* having Commission to distract some body in the other World, as he fled down he miss'd his Way, and rambl'd into our Regions, where the *Order* of *Vegitables* are pillaging the little

Wag of his Bow and Quiver, and pretend to cure him of his Blindneſs.

1. *Sp.*—— Let's away to ſee the Humour on't: I believe the arch Knave will put a Trick upon 'em all, and come off with flying Colours.

Cupid.—— Nay, but, Gentlemen Spirits, pray be civil.—— What's the meaning of this?

Vegit.—— The meaning on't is, that ſince you have found the way into our Quarters, we have a Mind to hinder your Pranks here; we have no need to be fool'd and plagu'd, as the Inhabitants are both in Heaven and Earth (if we may believe the Poets.)

Cupid.—— By me?

Vegit.—— Yes, by you. And what can we expect from one that bewitches his own Mother with *Adonis, Anchiſes? &c.* You know nothing (I'll warrant you) of *Endymion, Hyacinthus*, the *Adulterous Nut*, and a Thouſand more ſuch things: Do you? Nor can *Jupiter* himſelf eſcape you, but down goes his Target and Thunderbolts, and away to *Taw* and *Puſh-Pin* with *Ganymede*: Sometimes he's Metaphoriz'd into *Gold*, now a *Swan*, then a *Bull*, anon a *Shepherd*, and ſo on, according as your Whimſeys dictate, whilſt the Government of the World lies at Sixes and Sevens, and he that has the longeſt Nails and Teeth is the beſt *Entity*: And when your Caprices and Magots are forfeited with *Ætherial Amours*, away ye troop to the Earth, where you tye a Prince to a Stage-player, and a Princeſs to a Foot-boy, or elſe plague Equality by Deſpa-

ration

ration of Enjoyment; laughing at the poor Wretches, to see 'em covetous of their Misfortunes. Wherefore we conclude it necessary for our own Peace, and out of pity to our Neighbouring Worlds, to disarm you of your Power, and cure that Blindness which makes you shoot thus at all Adventures.

Cupid. 'Tis a strange thing (Gentlemen Souls) why I, having a *Bow and Quiver*, (as if no Body else us'd neither,) must upon necessity be the *God of Love*, and sentenc'd so to be by those who confess they never saw me before. A great Rashness, certainly, for the Wisdom of your *Order* to be guilty of! But, to put you out of all doubt, assure your selves, I am a Spirit, as ye are; only with this difference, I have suffer'd a Dissolution from a Body, and ye are yet unbodied. Time was, I actuated that famous *Scythian*, *Pomaxathres*, that slew the great *Roman*, *Marcus Crassus*; and was accounted the best Archer that *Scythia* ever boasted of. Now, hearing that one *Sagittarius*, a Resident of these Regions, was fam'd in that Art, I came on purpose to create a Correspondence, and try the Skill of the *Heavenly Archer*.

Vegit.—— Well, if this be so, and you are that *Pomaxathres*, we beg your Pardon for our Errour, and think our selves happy in the Mistake.— *Sagittarius* surpasses in this Art, never making his *Butts* less than ten Degrees distant. —— Do ye see that *Milky Way* there, so much talk'd on by the *Poets*? His Shafts have scour'd that Road by their frequent Motion, and have kept that part of the Sky clear from

dark Matter, and Excrements of Stars; which is the reason of its *Altitude:* But the Lower World, like Fools, not knowing so much, do fancy it to be the Way for the Souls of the Blessed to mount to *Paradice.*—— Come, let's be gone; we'll quickly introduce ye into *Sagitarius*'s Acquaintance.

Cupid.—— I long to meet the *Artist*, that we might give you some Divertisement by our Skill.—— But, pray, which is the Way to the *Lower World?*

Vegit.—— You must leave *Venus* on the Left, and so to 19 Degrees, 30 Minutes of *Capricorn*; afterwards the Coast is clear, and divided into Right Lines to all parts of the Globe.

Cup.—— Farewell, Gentlemen; I'm in haste now, I'll call again some other time.

Vegit.—— And is the Impostor gone? Certainly he was *Cupid.* Why were we so bewitch'd as to believe him? *Cou'd we think the God of Love cou'd speak Truth, when all his Subjects are given to Lying.*

DIALOGUE IX.

Between an Astrologer *and a* Mountebank.

Mount.—— Which way with your Circumferences, Compasses, Figures? Ha! What Project's on foot now?

Astr.——

Astr.—— To survey the Stars, and take a Note on the Influences written on their Foreheads.

Mount.——— Why so?

Astr.—— I'm sure I shall be an *Astrologer*, and 'tis good to make Collections against I have need of 'em: I have a strong Fancy that I shall be the *Prophet* of *Europe*. If I'd been imbody'd but Twenty or Thirty Years since, I had been the Second *Lilly*, or, at least, his Successor.—— But if, after all, I shou'd forget what I now do in this Pre existent State, I shall be hardly put to it, about the *Fate* of *Great People*, the *Change* of *Wind* and *Weather*, *Sweet hearts*, *Losses*, *Travels*, *Life*, *Death*, and every thing else, unless you'll keep Correspondence with me.

Mount.—— Ay indeed, such a Correspondence wou'd make you famous; but I've just receiv'd a Commission to take Possession of an *Embryo*, fated for a *Mountebank*: So that I can serve you in nothing, but by giving you Information of the Death of those he designs to kill.

Astr.—— That will be something: But what shall I do for the rest?

Mount.—— As the rest of your Neighbours do: Guess at what's most probable.

Astr.—— Then I shall be mistaken sometimes.

Mount.—— 'Tis your Interest you shou'd, or you'd be Arraign'd for a *Wizard*.

Astr.—— 'Tis hard such an exquisite Skill and Death shou'd be Rivals. But is there no way else to escape the Fagot, and be famous?

Mount.—

Mount.—— Yes, as a Licens'd Way, as we have to kill People.

Astr. Pray, what's that?

Mount.—— Bring other Persons into a Confederacy with you, who design, near such a Time, to Plot, Fight, Marry, Sail, Masquerade, or any thing else that is to be done; and then fall on Propheſying: But you must be very confident, and remember a great many Authors Names, (no matter for their Works,) the pretended Influences of the Stars, and Examples of the Wonders you have perform'd, and other Measures suitable to the blind Side of the Enquirer. And if you can but Rhime, like young *Lilly* o'er his Pills, your Custom grows as thick as Hops, and you may lye in Bed and gather 'em.

Astr.——Now I'm stock'd indeed, to gull three quarters o'th' Town. But won't my present Collections also be useful?

Mount.—— Yes, if 'twere possible to remember; but the Clog of Humanity depresses the Vigour of our Faculties, and makes us quite different Beings: So that what I've told you now, must be repeated in the other World, and that will be sufficient, with good Management.

Astr.——I'm satisfy'd. But what will you do to be as famous as he that came lately (all at one time, I think 'twas) from all the Courts in *Christendom*, into this part of the Globe just under us? You know who I mean, the Stars tell me so; I can't forbear trying my Faculty.

Mount.—

Mount.—— Right: I was a great Familiar with his Soul, before *Adam* and *Eve* went to Bed together. About 2593 Years since, he was for going into a young *Crispin*; and I very hardly dissuaded him, by telling him, his Mistriss wou'd be skill'd in *Palmestry*, and read his Pass into another World through his own Styrrup-Leather.

Astr.—— A kind Disappointment. But what's this to the Question I ask'd?

Mount.—— Well, he's a famous *Mountebank* now, and cures every thing that he fails not in; and when he misses, he cannot lose his Reputation, for he left that behind him in *Italy*, where it starv'd to death.

Astr.—— How came he to be so famous then?

Mount.—— E'en as you must; by Confederacy, thus, The *Lyar* that he makes use of, to roar about the Stage, and tie the unthinking Multitude together, having got a credulous Patient, takes the silly Thing by the Hand, to that Corner of the Stage where the Curtain hangs, and the lift'ning Doctor behind it;—— and then he begins to examine what Grievance? Where? How long? and such other like Questions as are for his purpose. Whereupon the Doctor draws off at a distance, and the Patient is introduc'd; to whom he tells every thing, like an Oracle, without any Questions, receives his Fees, and sets a little longer time (for such a desperate Cure) than he designs to tarry. And so he deals with the whole Generation of *Adam*, to the latter end of the Chapter.—— There are a Thousand other handy

handy Ways of killing People, and getting their Moneys for't, but 'tis not for my Interest to make 'em publick, lest the World shou'd be convinc'd against I set up, and stone me, amongst the rest of my honest Fellow-Travellers.

DIALOGUE X.

Between Two Spirits, *about the Retrogradation of the* Dragon's Head *and* Tail.

1. *Sp.*— DID you hear of the *Dragon*'s Frolick?

2. *Sp.*— Not I: I have been upon the Ramble these three Days, I am but just now arriv'd in this Region, and am going to tell my Landlord *Aquarius*, that I have no design to bilk my Lodging. But, pray, what's this Frolick you talk of?

1. *Sp.*— The *Dragon's Tail* taking it ill to come always behind, grew very importunate to lead the *Head* for one Day; and the *Head* being tyr'd out with continual Sollicitations, agreed to be led: Accordingly the *Tail* set forward, and began his Journey; but wanting Eyes, soon mistook his Course, and rambled to the Borders of his Regions, where he fell down, and light upon *Aquarius*'s Water-

pots;

pots; which flew with such a Noise, that the lower World thought it a Clap of Thunder. *Pisces* being the next Sign, (and peeping above Water, to learn what strange Motion that was) cry'd out to his *two Fishes* to secure themselves, for the *Leviathan* was upon the Scamper for Prey. The *Dragon* (which he thought to be the *Leviathan)* being so bruis'd with the Fall, began to repent of his Retrograde Journey; for his *Head*, by such a Motion, got the *Vertigo*, and dizzy Drunkenness, his Body was cut by the *Pitchers*, besides the Abuses the unfortunate Traveller light on from the Inhabitants of that Region; who taking him for a Monster, began to surround him, maulling him with the *Beam* of *Libra*, and the Fragments of the *Pitchers*, without asking Questions, or taking the Legal Procedure against him for the supposed Invasion.

2 *Sp.* This Account is surprizing, especially being so near my Lodging. Methinks this wou'd be very proper for Application, if the Story was told in the lower world, where *Reason is postpon'd to Sense*, and the ill Consequences seldom taken Notice of, till the whole Man is shipwrack'd and lost;—— But what became of the *Dragon?*

1 *Sp.*—*Nature* finding her work imperfect, without the re-assumption of the fallen Wretch into his place, and that the whole Generation of *Astrologers* wou'd be at a loss in their Observations, order'd the *Dragon* to be put into the one of *Libra*'s Scales, and a Weight into the other, sufficient to mount him up into his own Region; which was accordingly

cordingly done; where, being arrived, he ſet head foremoſt, and ſwore by all the *Planets* he wou'd never be rul'd by his *Tail* again.——The *Tail* being aſham'd of its Miſcarriage, hid it ſelf betwixt the Legs, which is the Reaſon that the little *Stars* in't diſappear'd, when *Archimedes* thought to have found 'em at the end of his Teleſcope.

DIALOGUE XI.

Between a Spirit *and his* Friend, *lately Imbodied in an* Infant.

Spir.——WHat. have you forgot your old Companion? or are you aſleep as well as your Body?

Friend.——Who's that?

Spi.——Your late Friend *A*;—— when we parted, you deſir'd me to pay you a Viſit in your new Lodgings; and you knew I was always punctual at an Aſſignation, where Friendſhip was the Motive: I long to know what Entertainment you have light on, what Liberties you enjoy, or what Confinements you lie under, that I may take an Eſtimate thereby what I have to truſt to when my Turn comes.

Fr.——To give a Journal of my Entertainment, will be juſt the ſame Satisfaction that a Criminal has when he is no longer perplex'd

plex'd betwixt Hope and Deſpair; but is aſſur'd he ſhall be hang'd; but you are not deny'd the Criminal's Comfort, to wit, *Company*: But not to detain you from Particulars, when I parted with you, I immediately ſhot into the *Embryo* I told you of, as ſwift as a *Falling Star*, and before I was aware, I was diſpers'd through the whole Lump; not a Finger or Toe but I was buſie in't, as the haſty Heir is amongſt his Coffers and Leaſes when his Father's a dying; but as to my firſt Motion, I thought 'twas juſt like a half-drown'd Fly, when the Sun begins to ſhine upon it, which firſt puts out a Leg, then a Wing, and ſo by degrees gathers Motion, till it preſumes upon its own ſtrength, and new Adventures; ſo I, firſt a Knee, then an Elbow, , then a Heel, and ſo on, till I grew ſo troubleſom a Gueſt, that my Mother cry'd out for help, to be ſhut on me; & ſo by a *Writ of Ejection* diſpoſſeſs'd me of my warm Tenement, and turn'd me out into the wide world, naked, helpleſs, and *full of Tears*: But then began the Plague of Dependance, and the Date my Misfortunes; for you will find when you come into a Body, that a Soul does ſympathize, and receive an Impreſſion of Pleaſure or Pain, according to the reſentment of the Senſes, *& vice verſa*, the Body participates in the Eaſe or Diſturbance of the Soul. I am now but juſt ſix weeks old, and methinks 'tis longer than the Six Thouſand Years of my *Pre-Exiſtence*; for I'm horribly abus'd Night and Day. 'Tis ſaid, *The Ape is ſo very tender of her young ones, that ſhe frequenty hugs*

hugs them to death; but my Nurſe only mocks me with ſuch a Kindneſs; for when ſhe has almoſt ſtrangled me for want of Breath, ſhe recovers me to ſtrangle me again. And if I Itch or Smart, am ſwadled too ſtraight or too looſe, am hungry, or over-cramb'd, 'tis all one; for I've no way to declare my grievance, but by ſprawling, making a foul face, or exerciſing my treble Organs, and that does not avail me neither; for I'm only look'd upon to be peeviſh, and out of humour; whether this Uſage will kill me, or whether I ſhall weather it out to abide worſe, I know not: But this I know, That if I was to begin my *Pre-exiſtent* State again, I'd take heed of ſuch extravagant Rambles as cou'd be atton'd by no leſs a Penance than ſuch an Incorporation.

Sp.——If you find ſuchPenance for *Pre-exiſtent Extravagances*, alas what will become of me, who am in ten times deeper than you; the foot of my Account will be amazing, when your ſmall Debt has ſuch ſevere Exactions.

Fr.——I don't know that, but pray withdraw; here comes the Nurſe to beſlabber me with Caudle; if ſhe finds the Body without me, and unactive, the Houſe will be all in an uproar, and my new Companion will be laid out, and ſtarv'd to death; and I dread a ſecond Change, remembring the old Proverb,—— *Seldom comes a better.*

DIA-

DIALOGUE XII,

Between the whole Order of Rational Souls, *and* Two Intelligencers *from the other World.*

Order.——WHat more Complaints still? Shall we be for ever plagu'd with Repetitions of the harsh Reception our Fraternity find below?——Here,——Who are the Friends of the Parties incorporate? Stand forth, and declare your Grievance.

1 *Intell.* A great Intimate of mine, and a Member of our Order, is unfortunately ty'd to a Fidler, who runs eternal Divisions, to the great Curse of every Visitant's Ear; never considering, that what delights him, may be a great Mortification to another.—— One of his Acquaintance the other Day, being tir'd with a Whimsey, on *Green Sleeves and Pudding-Pyes*, (an Air well known to the Musical Tribe in that Globe,) began to be free with him, telling him what he thought of his Entertainment; and in Conclusion, broke his *Crowd* and *Fiddle-stick*.

Order.—— Perhaps he might deserve it. But how cou'd the Soul (your Friend) suffer by that Accident?

1. *Intell.*—I ask'd my Friend this very Question; and he answer'd,—— That tho' by a Habitude of Incorporation he began to love

the Body, yet he was so much afraid of Violence, (being a Party,) that he try'd all the Windows of his Tenement, to make an Escape; but coming to the Ear, he heard the welcome Sound of *Impose less on your Friends, and so farewell.* My Friend thinking the Storm was over, began to love the *Ear* for the welcome News he heard in't, tho' indeed 'twas the most frequent part of Residence that my Friend had in the whole *Material Fabrick.*— He had not tarry'd long there, but he was summon'd to tune another *Fiddle*; but the Chamber-door was first lock'd, and no *Fidler* was at home for more Visitants: So away they went to work; the *Fidler* with his *Fingers, Wry Mouth*, and other antick Gestures; and my Friend, according to his Office of *Perception*, judg'd of *Measure* and *Proportions.* And having tun'd that also into the usual *Concordance*, a *Mournful Ditty* was to be compos'd, and set, to bewail the unhappy Abuse of his Wooden *Apollo*; not considering that the bare Remembrance of a Disgrace is afflicting to any body, but one that carries his *Soul* in his *Ears.* Now, my Friend being ignorant what Distance lay between *b flat* and *b sharp*, or how much a *Lesser Third* differ'd from a *Greater Sixth*, was not so able as willing to assist his Comrade in the *Composure:* Who thereupon rag'd, swore, grew distracted, and out of Revenge, has cruelly confin'd my Friend to the cold Prison of his *Fiddle*, where he uses to visit him two or three times a Night; allowing no better Converse, than the doleful Accents of *Mad Tom o' Bedlam.*

Order.—

Order.—This Account is Argument dismal enough to add to our *Litany*, *From Fidlers, Libera nos, Domine.* But who's the second Complainant? What has he to say?

2. *Intell.*—— A Race of——

Order.—— Of what?

2. *Intell.*—Of—I dare not mention the ugly Name, for fear it brings a Distraction amongst us, and the very Malignity of the Sound infect us with the Fatality of its Heresies.——But if a general dark Character will satisfie, 'tis unwillingly ready.

Order.——Certainly it can't be much worse than the Accounts we have already. Let's have the full, particular Relation.

2. *Intell.*—— Well, since ye are so covetous of what ye will repent, take it.—— A Society of *Virtuosoes*, in which a Friend of mine has lately commenc'd, and for which I'm sure he'll be damn'd, has bewitch'd the other World with fruitless Discourses, unprofitable Disputes, needless Digressions, of *Posse*, *Esse*, *Quiddity*, *Predicament*, and a Thousand such Sounds; by which they have lost their own Reason, and despoil'd their Followers of theirs too. They will make every thing disputable, so much as the *Pre-Existence of Souls*: Nay they'll not believe the *Existence of a Deity*, if their Antagonist proves it not by a *Syllogism*, in *Mood* and *Figure*. *Two* and *Three* is not *Five* amongst them, without a Consequence from just Premises. A certain *Heretick Pedant* the other Day maintain'd a *Vacuum*, and proselyted a simple Country Gentleman by such seeming Reasons, as he wanted Sense to confute.——

One of 'em, as I was inform'd, was this,— *It wou'd be ridiculous to think, that when a Gnat pushes back a parcel of Air with its Wings, that parcel drives another before it, and that another; and so the stirring of the Little Toe of a Flea shou'd raise a Bunch upon the Back of the Universe.* The unthinking *Plebeian* having long wish'd *Suicide* no Murder, because his Mistresses Unkindness made him weary of his Life, straightway retir'd out of the Assembly, and thank'd his pitying *Genius* for providing a way to cure his Melancholy, *viz.* by the help of a *Vacuum*; resolving to lay the Fault upon Nature in the Day of Judgment, that he was accidentally in a place, where he could not live any longer, for want of Breath. Whereupon he immediately made and executed his *Last Will and Testament*, and took his Leave of all his Friends.— And, in order to find out a *Vacuum*, he caus'd all his Blunderbusses, Guns and Musquets to be laid over a Gate, ready to discharge; and behind 'em, two of his Servants, well mounted, with a hanging Carpet between 'em, with so much Lead at the bottom as to keep it tight and perpendicular; and thus, having wish'd Happiness to his fair Tormenter, he order'd the Pieces to be fir'd, and his Servants (to whom he had bequeath'd his Horses for this last Office of Friendship) to set Spurs to their Legacies, and follow the flown'd Road, he himself bringing up the Rear, and charging about for the *Vacuum*. But after he had almost run himself out of breath in a vain Pursuit of it, he retir'd to the Assembly of *Virtuoses*, which was not yet broke

broke up, saluting his Teacher by the Name of *Mad man*, and *Beggar of Questions*. But the *Virtuoso*, to maintain his Credit, asserted that the Gentleman might have found the *Vacuum* if he had follow'd close up to the Carpet. Whereupon, another of the Gentleman's Acquaintance, resenting his Friend's Disgrace, order'd the same Trial again, resolving to keep up close to the windy Engine, to prove the Assertion a Falsity; but he, to keep Ground, ran himself out of breath, and fell down dead: Which Accident upheld the Credit of the *Vacuum*.

Another wou'd prove, *That a small Thread, which was equally twisted, and all of the same Matter, wou'd sustain a greater weight than a Cable Rope that was unequally twisted.* To prove which, he offer'd this Reason, *That being all of a strength, it had no place to break first.* A little School-Boy that stood by, wish'd his Father had known that Secret before his Ship-wreck. *It had been all one,* (reply'd another of his Form-fellows;) *for the Thread wou'd have broke close by the Ship, by reason of the Additional Weight of the rest of the Thread. In like manner, if the Thread hang'd in a perpendicular Line, with a Weight at the End of it, it wou'd break at the Upper End, because the Lower End wou'd not bear so much Weight as the Upper End, by the Weight of the Thread. Nay, Suppose the Thread laid upon a Level, and extended beyond its strength; having no place to break first, it must break in all places at once: For if Particulars cannot act beyond their Power, Generals cannot; both coming under one Predicament.* Three Quarters of the Auditory

cou'd not underſtand the Boy, who therefore was whipp'd for his Sawcineſs and Interruption. So that that Orator alſo ſate down with his Credit.

A Third ſtood up, and, without pretending to prove any thing, drove all the Auditory out of the little Wit they had left, by asking, *Whether there may not be an Infinity of Worlds, this Globe being not ſo big as thoſe above? Whether this World might not be made out of the Ruins of a preceding Old One? Whether theſe Globes may not be the Excrements of the Sun? Whether it might not be better for the next Generation to be taught to go upon All Four, for ſeveral good Reaſons that might be given? Whether the Repreſentatives of Nature's* Pudenda *were not a more proper Badge of Honour to wear at a Cavalier's Girdle, than a Sword, ſince this is a Mark of Death, and that of Life? Whether this Tuft of Graſs* (pulling one out of his Pocket) *may not be a Man within theſe Sixty Years? Whether, if it were poſſible for one Man to imitate another in all his Members, Motions and Geſtures, that Imitator ſhould not, by Equality of Organs, be ſuſceptive of the other's Thoughts and Inclination? Whether an Eternity of Matter is diſputable? Whether the Souls of Men are Pre-exiſtent, or Contemporary with the Body? Whether it is not a great Abſurdity to attribute to a Vacuity that Quality of Yielding to a Body, and that Space which are the Dependencies of an Extent, which can only agree to a Subſtance? Whether* ——

Order. —— Hold: No more *Whethering* in *Virtuoſiſm*. Poor Earth! Alas, What Entertainment can we expect in thee? We ſhall be ſweetly

sweetly brought to Bed if *Virtuosism* finds encouragement, and propagates till there's no other Trade for us to take up with. Hasten our Spindles, dear *Parcæ*, whilst there are some Infidels, and Opposers of these Doctrines.

DIALOGUE XIII.

Between the Spirits of an Emperor *and a* Beggar.

Beggar.——'TIS enough for Humanity, that knows no better, to be Noisie Querulous, and arraign the Justice of *Fate*, and the wise dispensation of Providence, who fits not the *particular Chain of Causes* to the private humour of this or that Party; but respects the universal Good at once: hence I am satisfied, the *despicable Post* assign'd me, is wisely dispos'd, and ought to be accepted with gratitude, since 'tis inconsistent with the goodness of the *Divine Being*, to make a general Good incompatible with a particular one; whence it is also plain, that I may be happy in my Station. But was I to chuse, and knew not what Fate had ordain'd me, I'd be an *Emperor at least*; How full of Charms is it *to imitate the Divine Original of Beings, to see whole Kingdoms depend upon me, to be encompass'd with eternal Heads of Nakedness*; *to have*

the power of exalting one, and debasing another; of rewarding Vertue, and punishing Vice; of disposing of Life and Death; in short, to be an Earthly God. Now must I suffer Affronts and Abuses, without the power of Revenge, to stoop, and acknowledge my dependance to almost every Being. Alas, what's the meaning of that *Providential Riddle*, That Man is the Lord of the world; That Beast, Fish and Fowl are his, when there's so many Rivals that the Title is lost, and one part of Humanity can pretend so little to a propriety in, *Rule*; That the same Predicament serves for us, and those things we are said to be Lords of? *Man disposes of Man as he doe's of a Beast, even to exchanging, selling, and Slavery.* Methinks it is unaccountable; since all are *out of the same Dust, stamp'd with the same Impression, equal in their Nothingness*, both *à parte ante*, and *à parte post*. Nay their very *Souls* which animate these *grosser Vehicles*, are also equal, only acting differently, by a more or less aptitude of Organs, or inequality of Education.

Emperor.——Tho' we Spirits fell not when the Angels did; yet we have certainly the same defectibility of Judgment; for *two things* (especially Opposites) *cannot be both best.* Call you a Beggar's Condition despicable and slavish? 'Tis certainly the happiest *Post* in the Creation; and were it possible for *Fate* to be guilty of a Caprice, and cast Lots once more about the *Disposals of Emperors and Beggars*, I'd petition to renew my Chance; possibly I might the second time alter my Condition, and come out a *happy Beggar.* *Beggar.*

Beggar.——Why so?

Emperor.——Because there appears to me a greater happiness in an *unenvied Cottage*, than in the *Noisie Crowds of Flatterers.* Little does the *Plebeian* know how *heavy a Crown weighs*; how great the Trust is, and how hard to be managed. 'Tis the Court that's full of *Treachery, Ambition, Pride, Bribes*, and such a dreadful Catlaogue of Vices, that 'tis impossible for the best of Men to arrive to a greater degree of Goodness there, than a *Negation of Evil.* The *Watch* must be kept so strictly, that there's *no time to act virtuously.* But in the *retir'd Solitudes of Poverty*, one Third of our Temptations are lost, the *uneasiness of the Sense, causes a search after the quiet of the Mind.* We have nothing to resist in Solitude, but a few straggling Thoughts; nor nothing to seek after, but to be happy. There we are free from *publick Calamities*: and *private Enemies*, unenvy'd in every thing but Happiness; and 'tis impossible to steal that from us, when we have nothing else to do but to keep it: Nay, if we shou'd communicate it, we lose nothing, but have more by giving. I cou'd reckon up *Augustus, Diocletian, Maximinian, Varius, Empedocles*, &c. who laid by their Scepters for Spades; and cou'd also mention how happy the Change was; but the remembrance won'd make my Crown too uneasie, which now *I must bear as well as I can.*

Beggar.——'Tis in vain to wish on either side what can't be avoided. But, say Brother, won't the Case be strangely alter'd by our *different Stations in the other World?*——

Methinks

Methinks I see you sometimes *royally seated amongst the Representatives of your Kingdom, sometimes in private Council, turning over the* Cabala, *or darker Mysteries of State, but always look'd upon as more than mortal.* Methinks I also see my self injur'd and over-pow'rd by the *Mint of Damnation*, and my *Addresses to your Highness*, by Friends or Petition, in agitation; Methinks I see my *cold reception*, the Meanness of my Concerns lost amongst *Matters of greater Moment*, and my Importunity for a Dispatch, answer'd by the Insolences of *a hundred subordinate Officers*; one denies me admittance, another turns me out, and every one looks upon me an impertinent, worthless *Thing*, because I left all my *Nobility and Attendance behind me among the Stars.*

Emperor.——By this you may in some measure judge of the distracted Cares of a *Crown*; how amongst these numerous Complaints, Petitions, *&c.* 'tis impossible to hear and redress all, time won't permit, and *Omnipresence is not confer'd to Earthly Scepters*, to act every where, and every thing at once. Think y' it not afflicting to a Father to see many of his Children strugling under Unhappinesses, and whilst he relieves some, others perish; and also that he has many more under the same Circumstances, that he knows not of.

Beggar.——Enough; let's not think so much on the *Evils of Humanity*, as to lose the sense of that little Good of which it is capable; *Not to be happy in some things, because we can't in every thing, is an unkind Theft to our selves*

selves. Compare the Distractions of other Crowns to yours, whilst I examine *whose Cottage is meaner than mine*; and this (with other like Inferences,) will divert the black Reflections we have made; An earthly Philosopher could say, *Nemo Miser nisi comparatus. Come, let's not learn of the World below us, but give them Examples.* We can't miss, if we *retire to our Region*; for there being *nothing but Equality*, 'tis impossible any one shou'd pretend to be more happy or miserable than another.

DIALOGUE XIV.

Between Two Spirits that made a Contract to keep a Correspondence, whoever came to be Embodied first.

The Unbodied Spirit. —— CErtainly he can understand me, now I have assum'd this Body of Air. —— *Holo Brother* —— I have been calling these two hours to no purpose Do you hear me now?

Bodyed Spirit.— Hear ye! Yes; who are ye? And what's your Business?

Unbody'd Sp. —— What, Have you forgot me *your old Comrade, and your Contract*? Has this Lump of Humanity spoil'd all your Faculties,

culties, or are you ungrateful, or over-proud of your new Lodging?

Body'd Sp.—I don't know what you mean by Forgetfulness, or Contract.

Unbody'd Sp.——That's very strange: I'm certain, *This is the Body you were to animate*, and by consequence, you must be the same *Individual* that agreed with me to keep a *Correspondence*, when you came into this Body. I had forgot my self, and have been all this time speaking to you in the *Language of Spirits*, not knowing it was too fine for the Perceptions of an Organiz'd Body.

Body'd Sp.——By this you'd make me believe a *Pre-existent State of Souls* before they come into the Body; But if there be such a State, I have *wholly forgot it*; only I have some *dark Ideas* of things when they are mention'd that I never saw nor heard of before; which probably may proceed from the *Cognizance* I took of 'em before I was imbody'd.

Unbody'd Sp.——That's no Argument at all; since that *Idea* gives you neither the *Species*, nor the *Form* of the Thing spoken of, if neither be mention'd; as for Instance, If I shou'd tell you in general Terms, That at the *West-end of the* Vatican *at* Rome, there's a curious Picture; you wou'd presently *form an Idea* of it in your Mind; but perhaps it may be a *Saint*, instead of a *Land-skip*: but to pass over that, have you any *Idea of the Language of Spirits?*

Body'd Sp.——None but such as is Organical.

Unbody'd

Unbody'd Sp.——By this you may see your Errour again; for *Spirits speak one to another, as Man does, when he speaks to God in his Mind.* Again, Man's Voice is limited; I mean, when he speaks, he is not heard but at such a distance; but when one *Spirit* speaks, all the *Thousand Millions of Spirits*, where-ever dispers'd throughout the Creation, have a distinct perception of such Speech, if directed to them all at once; or if directed to any one *Spirit*, be he never so far off, *he only hears*; and not one of all those that are betwixt him and the Speaker; so that 'tis *as ordinary a thing for Spirits* to converse one with another at the most protracted distances, as 'tis face to face; but this is only to your Capacity; for there's no such a thing as distance amongst *Spirits*; for they are as near one another, when the whole *Cœlum Empyreum* is betwixt 'em, as they are when both together, and yet they are not like God, *every where at once, or omnipresent.*

Body'd Sp.——This is strange Doctrine to Mortals;——pray' how do *Spirits move?* whether locally by a *Medium*, or in an instant, or in Time, or how?

Unbody'd Sp.——None of all this——for what is impartible, is not moveable; for, according to *Humane Philosophy*, (which holds in this Case,) any thing that is moving, whilst it is moving, is partly *in termino a quo*, and partly *in termino ad quem*; which is inconsistent with *Impartibility*. Nor can a Spirit move so, as to pass through a *Medium*: As for Instance, To go from *London* to *Rome*, or *Constantinople*, without

without passing over the distance, or places betwixt 'em: Now every thing that passes, *passes through a place equal to it self*, (as suppose through Air, Water, *&c.* the place that the Body is in, is equal to the Body which fills it.) But the place equal to an Indivisible Spirit, (speaking *ad Humanum Captum*) is a Point; and therefore if an Angel or Spirit, by his Motion, passes through a *Medium*, he must necessarily pass through or number *many Points in termino ad quem*; which is impossible. To speak yet nearer the *Common Apprehension* of Mortals, a Man may in his Mind think of *France*, and then immediately of *Syria*, without thinking of *Italy*, which is the *Medium*, betwixt both: And this comes neareſt the *Motion of Spirits*; now whether this Motion is effected in Time, or in an Instant. (As thus, When God Almighty commissionated an Angel to go and appear to *Manoah*, whether in coming from Heaven he might be a Day, an Hour, or a Minute; or whether he was there in the same *unsuccessive Moment* wherein he receiv'd the Commission.) To this we answer in respect of Men, who are ty'd up to the *gross Rules of Time, Place, Matter*, &c. There was a Flux of Time betwixt the Receipt of the Commission, and the Execution of it: But in respect of the Nature of Angels, the Receipt of their Commission, the Execution of it, and a Thousand Years after the Execution of it, were all included in one Unsuccessive Now: The Reason of it is this, If there were a Time for the Beginning of an Action, and another Time for the Ending

Ending of it, then there wou'd be Succession, and by consequence *Partibility*; but that's inconsistent (as above) with the Nature of an *Indivisible Being*, as an Angel or a Spirit are.

Body'd Spirit. But supposing *Motion*, *Time*, *Place*, &c. to be attributed to Angels and Spirits, in respect to Mankind, as really they are: As it may be said, *A Spirit is in such a Place now, and was not two Hours since.* Supposing (I say) such a way of speaking, in *reference to Mankind*, how is it feasible for *a Spirit*, *a Witch*, &c. to be so, orto go through the *Key-hole of a Door?*

Unbody'd Spirit. Well, allowing such a Condescention, *ad Humanum Captum*, yet 'tis a vulgar Errour. *First*, As to *Witches:* They never do it, 'tis their Spirits, and they (I mean their Bodies and Animal Life) are all the while in an *Examinated Trance*, wherein the Devil does make use of their Fancy, to inform them of what passes at a distance in those *Aerial Bodies* that resemble them, and in which their Spirits really are: As *Mankind* want not many Instances of such Truths. A Spirit's passing through a *Key-hole* is absurdly ridiculous; for since Matter is not determinative on Spirits, 'tis all one to them to pass through *Gold*, *Glass*, or the most *Continuous Solidities in Nature*, as to pass through *Air* only. So that when a Spirit assumes an *Aerial Body*, since Air it self is Matter, or a Body, and since there can't be *Penetration of Bodies*, it follows, that a Spirit which is to go through *Glass*, *Stone*, &c. leaves the *Aerial Body* which it has, and only passes through the *Glass*, *Stone*,

Stone, &c. in its own Nature, and assumes a *new Body of Air* on the other side; and here also may be a Solution of those *strange Riddles*, (for so they are to some Mortals,) how a *Witch* receives the Wound in the same Part, in which the Aerial Representation of her receiv'd it. As for Instance; *A Fallen Angel* prompts a *Witch* to afflict such a Person: She consents; and being under this *Angel*'s power, he makes use of natural Methods, so as to invert the ordinary Operation of her Animal Powers, (as above,) that she falls into a *Trance*, insensible of *Burns*, *Cuts*, &c. Now this *wicked Angel* having a *permissive Possession of her Spirit*, forms a *Body of Air* for it, organiz'd, and fit for Perception, in which it assaults and afflicts the Person design'd: But in all the Instances that *Mankind* can bring of such *Aerial Representations* that have been struck at, whether in *Humane* or *Brutal Shape*, the Persons that struck never felt that they *hit any thing but Air*; which is a certain Evidence that 'twas not the true Body of what it represented. Now, this *wicked Angel* being present with the *Witch's Spirit*, and taking notice where, and what the Wound wou'd have been, had it been a *real Body*, amongst other the Occurrences that he represents to the *Witch*'s Fancy, he *insinuates the Wound*, and at the same time inflicts it himself upon the *real Part of the Body* which was *representatively cut or wounded in the Phantasm*; the *Witch* all the time believing the whole to be a real Truth, and acted personally.

Unbody'd

Body'd Spirit. Possibly 'tis so. But, pray, is there a *Number of Spirits, or different Species amongst 'em?*

Unbody'd Spirit. Humanely speaking, there's *Thousands of Thousands*; but in the Language of Spirits there's no such a gross Term as *Number*; for *Number* is a *discrete Quantity, caus'd by a Division of Continuity*: But this is inconsistent with the Nature of Spirits.—— And as to *Difference of Species*, to which we might add *Equality*, or *Inequality*, they are Terms adapted to *Matter*; and therefore amongst *Immaterial Beings*, 'tis the most egregious Nonsence that can be imagin'd.

Body'd Spirit. What's the difference betwixt a Spirit's Perception, and ours?

Unbody'd Spirit. A great deal, Men think, by means of the Senses. Suppose the *Eye*: First, There must be an *Union* betwixt the Sight, and the thing seen; for Vision is not in *Act*, except the thing seen is after a certain manner in the thing seeing; and this not by an Assumption of the Substance, but of the Similitude of the thing seen, into the Eye. Now this *Visive Power* having assum'd a *Similitude* of the thing seen into the Eye, the *Intellect abstracts Universals from it*; which Act is call'd the *Perception*, and according to this Perception we judge and act. But 'tis not so with Spirits, they have *no Perception from divisible or sensible Objects*; for what by our Senses we know of Material Objects, that they know from the *Effluviums* of the Deity. As for Instance, *God is the Cause of every Substance, both as to its Matter and Form*; therefore God, ac-

cording to his Essence, (which is the Cause of all things) is the Similitude of all things. Hence *Angels* and *Spirits*, when they look upon God, do (as in a Glass) see and know all Material and Immaterial Objects and Things whatever, when he pleases to communicate a Knowledge: And thus it is that *Departed Souls have Knowledge of things happening in this Life.*

Body'd Spirit. What's the difference betwixt a Spirit's Thoughts and Language, since you say that their Language is like our Thoughts?

Unbody'd Spirit. I have already told you, that as Men have their Perceptions by means of their Senses, so Spirits have theirs from the immediate Emanations and Ideas of all things which they see *originally in God*. This is the manner of their Perception, and the making known this Perception, by directing the Result of it to one another, as Men do their Minds to themselves, when they speak to themselves internally, *without Lip or Voice.* This, I say, is the *Language of Spirits*; which is as different from their Perceptions as the Act of Receiving and Communicating is amongst Men.

Body'd Spirit. Whether do Spirits and Angels love, fear, are angry or pleas'd, *&c.* as Men are.

Unbody'd Spirit. Not at all, 'tis inconsistent with their Nature, these being Acts adapted to the Powers of the *Sensitive Soul:* So that when *Speech, Love, Hate, Fear, Courage, Temperance,* &c. are attributed to Angels or Spirits, 'tis an Humanism, or a Condescention adapted to Humane Dialect. *To Love amongst Spirits,* is

is to wish Good to one another: *To rejoyce*, is to rest the Will in some good Habit: *Temperance* is a Moderation of the Will, according to the Rule of the Divine Will: *Fortitude* is a firm and resolute Execution of the Divine Will: And so of all other Concupiscible Powers.

Body'd Spirit. Whether can several Spirits be in one place at the same time.

Unbody'd Spirit. I have already told you, that *Spirits know no such a thing as Place*; 'tis as incongruous a Term to their Nature as *Time* is. So that, what you call *Place*, is the same thing to them as *no place*; and if so, Spirits, according to that Notion you have of *Place*, may be *Five Millions* together in a *Quart-Bottle*, and yet never a one be there; but 'tis impossible to make you understand the *manner how*, farther than by a dark Similitude. Suppose *Five Millions* of Persons shou'd all desire at the same time to be upon the *Top of the Monument*, (erected in Remembrance of the Conflagration of the Fire of *London:*) Now these *Five Millions* desiring to be there at the same time, it follows that their *Minds* must be there all at once; yet not one of 'em can say, his Thought or Mind was *crowd'd there by other Minds* which were there also: And thus might *Five Millions of Spirits* be in a *Quart Bottle at one time*, without justling one another for Room; but thus only by a *Virtual Application* of themselves thither.—— I must be gone, there's a *General Assignation* of our *Order* to meet at the *Pinnacle of the Spheres*, and if my Place be *found empty*, my Name will be dash'd out of the *Catalogue*, upon a *Supposition that I am imbody'd.*

Body'd Spirit. Well, I acknowledge my Obligations for this Favour: Pray, let me converse with you *as oft as you can.* It won't be long but I shall *put off this Clog*, and change Circumstances with you; and then I'll be as kind in informing you of such things as you will also forget when you come into a Body.

DIALOGUE XV.

Betwixt Two Spirits, *about the Musick of the Spheres.*

1. *Sp.* — I'M weary with that drumming sort of Noise; there's nothing but an *Eternal Din* of one Tune, o'er and o'er. There's better Musick, ten to one, every *Bartholomew-Fair.*

2. *Sp.* ——— Pray, let me ask you one Question: Is there any Musick better than the *Original* of all Musick?

1. *Sp.* ——— No.

2. *Sp.* — Very well: Then since these *Musical Diastems*, and these *harmonious Motions*, which proceed from the different Positions and Heighths of the Planets, and the *Correspondent Symmetry of the Heavens*, are the *first Original of Musick*, all other Harmony which the lower World pretends to, are but Imitations of this *great Original.* So that those little tickling Fancies of *Ionick*, *Dorick*, *Phrygian*, and other

other Measures, are but a different way of Trial to come the *nearest ours*; and if Mortality cou'd find out the *true Spherical Musick*, they wou'd never seek farther, nor alter it for any other, because 'tis impossible to desire or chuse an *Imperfection*, *when Perfection stands by*. But 'tis no wonder the *World below us* think the *Musick of the Spheres* a Fable, when one of our own *Order* shou'd undervalue it at such a rate. But perhaps you are of the same Opinion as Mankind, and these are only Words of Course, because you have a mind to be upon the *Ramble*.

1. *Sp.* Truly, I am not very *well satisfied*, whether I hear any thing, or no.

2. *Sp.* Yes, you hear, but without Concern; which makes me believe, that you belong not to *ours*, but to the *Animal Order*, and in that *Order* you are design'd to animate an *Ass*, which, amongst all Creatures, *never heeds Musick*. You, and all Mankind, must grant, that the *Planets move*, and that *Sound necessarily proceeds from Motion*, and that this Sound must either be sweet or harsh: Now, if a fix'd Observation of Numbers moderate the Motion, it effects a *Symphonous Harmony*, consonant to such a Motion; but if it be not *govern'd by Measures*, there proceeds an unpleasant Noise. But in this *admirable Structure of the Heavens*, there is nothing but *setled Rules and Proportions*, *curious Differences of Magnitude*, *Celerity*, and *Local Distances*, which are *constantly circumagitated through the Etherial Orbs*; as in the following Figure.

'Tis this *Systeme* that all Musicians imitate; and those that come the neareſt it, have made their *Calculations* from *Arithmetical Proportions*, in which this *laſt Age* has exceeded all former ones, having now laid down *Rules* to reduce all *Audibles into Viſibles*, or *Viſibles into Audibles*; that is, can give Directions for Building a Houſe, agreeable to the Meaſures of a *Muſical Compoſure*; or can *play the Proportions of any Houſe now built, upon a Muſical Inſtrument.* If Mankind ſearches a little deeper in the *Muſical Science*, they will find out a Device to imitate our *Spherical Muſick* by a *voluntary Self-*

Motion,

Motion, or frame Instruments that shall play themselves.

1. *Sp.* Say you so? Indeed, the *Novelty* of that wou'd cost me many a *Ramble*.

2. *Sp.* But why *love Musick* on Earth, more than here?

1. *Sp.* Because I find by my *Heaviness*, I am grown so like a *Body*, that I shall soon have such a *Relation*; and you know 'tis natural for all Beings to be affected with *something like themselves:* However, I'll be sure *(if I can remember)* to inform the *Lower World* of the Reasonableness of *Spherical Musick*; and what Measures they ought to take, to come as near it as possible. In the mean time, Farewell.

2. *Sp.*—— Hold: If you design to visit the *Lower World*, you may be serviceable to 'em, if you put 'em in mind of *using less Physick, and more Musick*, since it alters all the Passions of the Mind, and is the readiest way to *correct Grief*, *Anger*, *Pity*, *Love*, *Fears*, *Desires*, and all other Passions of the Mind: And if the Mind may be thus regulated, their Physicians need not to be told how great an Influence it has upon the Body. *Another Remark* you may add, *(if you are like to find Credit,)* that 'tis only the *Musick of the Spheres that keeps Angels and Spirits in a perpetual Health.*

DIALOGUE XVI.

Between Two Spirits of a poor Doctor, his Friend, and a modern Philosopher, alias, Sharper.

Debtor. *Bankrupcy!* Oh the dreadful Sound is sufficiently confoundative without the thing it self; *a Dun to my Breakfast every Morning*, and to play at *Hide* all day long for fear of the *Counter-Vermin*; and all this too, (if Fate knows what's what,) by the Prodigality of a hopeful Son, who, with *Cocks, Houses, and half a dozen Misses*, cou'd thrust a dozen such Estates as mine, into the *narrow Compass of a few Bonds, Bills, Mortgages*, &c. Oh these unwelcome Lights of Heaven, how fast they number out *Use-Mony-Days!* Alas, what an unhappy Spirit am I! How gladly wou'd I change Conditions with a *Vegitable Soul*, tho' it were to animate an *humble Shrub!*

Friend—How Brother, *animate Shrubs*, and sleep in such *a glorious Star as this*, where you can have no disturbance at all; pray *lie a little farther*, and take the other Nap, and you'll be well-

Debt.—I cannot sleep for the *Scrivener*, he bites me so; and if by chance I fall into a *Slumber*, I dream of the *poar Man's Box*, and

and the Quarter-day, or else that I see my Son on *Horseback, riding into Quagmires.*

Friend, —— Why do you rave of *Son, Quarter-day*, &c. and are not yet got into the other world?

Debt. —— *But I'm a going*; and my Misfortunes will be such there, as I have just now told you.

Friend. —— Alas *Poor wretch*; and don't you know how to prevent all this? Arise, and follow me; there's a *Company of Wits* that inhabit the *Planet Mercury*, will certainly put you into some way to avoid your Misfortunes; nay, tho' they are such are *inevitably fated* to you.

Debt. —— Alas, *my Son's Horses* have eaten me into a Consumption, that I can scarce get up; but however I'll try, since you *talk of Remedies*; Come, let's be going.

Friend. —— Holo *Mercurial Philosophers*, open the Wicket there.

Philoph. —— Who's that? His *Bawling* has made my Brain *miscarry of a hopeful Notion.*—— However, come in.

Debt. —— I'm sorry for that; I wish I cou'd *miscarry of mine too*; ——But where's the *Philosopher*? I can't see him.

Philosopher. —— Look up, Friend, D'ye expect a Wit to lie *grov'ling* upon Thresholds.

Debt. —— Bless me! he's *hang'd up in a Basket yonder.* —— Pray Mr. *Philosopher*, why so high?

Philosoph. —— *I walk i'th' Air, and gaze upon the Sun*, and if my Intellect were not thus suspended, I shou'd think as *little Thoughts* as

you

you do. —— But what's the occasion of your Visit?

Debt. —— I'm going into the *other World*, where I shall be torn in pieces with *Debts and Usury*; which to avoid, I wou'd either pay in *current Money or Words*. The first I shan't be able to raise; and the last I'm not Master of; therefore I'm come to ask your Counsel about it.

Philosoph. —— There's no need of the *first*, if your Debts were double, I'll teach you presently how to come off.—*Stay a little*;—*Ay, that's right*, Oh happy Art! This it is, not to limit ones Thoughts to a Threshold; but like a Bird fetter'd in a String, to allow 'em Liberty to play and *flutter* in the Air.—— In the first place, you must *steal the Moon*, and keep it under Lock and Key *Thirty days* before your Day of Payment comes.

Debt. Why so?

Philosoph. —— If you pay Use by the *Months*, and there be no Moon to measure out these *Months*, then no Use can be demanded.

Debt. ——I don't know how to effect such a Task; ——I think 'tis far better to *hang my self* before the Day of Payment, and then my Creditors will never prosecute me.

Philosoph. —— No, no, You talk like one that was never *hang'd up in a Basket*;—— Don't you know the Law provides two days, one for Citation, or Demand of Payment, and the other for Payment?

Debt. ——Well; and what then?

Philos.

Philos.— 'Tis impossible they shou'd come both at a time; so that one day is a *warning to get ready, and run away the next.* But this is not half; you are to learn the *all-convincing Speech* beside.

Debt. —— Pray what's that?

Philos. —— You must learn to **Banter** where you find your Creditor a little soft: As for instance; When they ask you for *Money*, fetch 'em out a *Talisman*, or any other thing, and ask 'em what it is? ——If they say, they *can't tell*; reply, Do you *ask Money*, and are so very a Dunce? If they ask you for the *Interest*, ask 'em what they *mean*, or what kind of Creature that is? They'll answer, 'Tis an *Encrease of Money by Months, Days,* &c. Ask whether the Sea grows bigger by an *encrease of all the Rivers* that run into it? If they say, No; Ask 'em, With what a *Conscience* they can expect their Money shou'd increase; and so you may treat 'em all to the End of the Chapter.

Debt. —— I don't know what to say to't, for I believe these Shams won't take, especially since I have to deal with a Shole of *Horse-Leeches*, call'd *Scriveners, Bankers*? 'twill pass with Tailers, Barbers, and a few Drapers: but——I must be going, Farewel Mr. *Basketteer.*

Philosopher——Pray as you go along, *Remember the poor Prisoners.*

DIA-

DIALOGUE XVII.

Between Two Spirits *on the Ramble, and a Flight of* Witches, *with their* Guides.

1. *Sp.* HEY-day! What's the meaning of this? Yonder's Materiality flying in the Air: What can be the Supporter?

2. *Sp. Necromancy*, perhaps, or *Sorcery*, or *Witchcraft*. Come, Shall we put a Stop to't? I'm sure none of the Creation has any Business there with *Tubs*, *Caldrons*, &c.

1. *Sp.* There's a *Colt*, and a *Calf* too: Perhaps they are the People of the *World in the Moon*, and are going to some Fair.

2. *Sp.* What! Going to a Fair out of their Globes? No. Come, let's attack 'em; at the worst it can but be the Devil, and we are as strong as he, and less innocent.

1. *Sp.* Right:—— Let's look big, and speak boldly.—— Stand, there: What Commission have ye in these Quarters, you——*Tub-man*? What! Have ye young ones with ye? Ye sha'n't wag an Ace farther, till we know upon what Errand ye are posting.

1. *Fallen Sp.*— Why, ye *Etherial Stragglers*: Are we bound to give you an Account?

1. *Sp.* Ye must do't, or disoblige your *Hags*, to defend your selves.

2. *Fallen*

2. *Fallen Sp.*— Don't prejudice my *Caldron*, and I'll tell ye whither I'm marching with my Tribe.

1. *Sp.*—— Say then.

2. *Fallen Sp.*—— Into the *French* King's Cellar for two or three Hours, to treat my faithful Servants there, with every thing that's grateful to their Senses.

1. *Sp.*—— Very well. And you, Mr. *Tubvolant*, say which Way bound,----quickly,---- or we'll turn your *Diddi-Birds* out of their Nest; do you lend 'em Wings, if you can, to bear up their Garbidge.

1. *Fall.*—— Thus have I seen a laden Pinnace brav'd by a meaner empty Vessel.—— Well,—— I also am upon the same Journey; and if ye will come along with us, you'll see such Entertainment as none of your *Order* ever saw before.

1. *Sp.*—— No,—— We must have no Society with *Apostates*.—— Come, turn out of your Lodgings, we must have the Tub; mount your Servants upon that *Colt*.

Witches. We are a Dozen of us already, and therefore too many, unless we must ride upon the Main, and hang upon the Tail.

1. *Sp.*—— Yes, yes; any how, according as you can agree; we give no Orders in that.-- So, that's very well.—— Come, turn out of the *Caldron*, and bestride your *Calf*; he looks as if he wanted to suck you.—— Very well:—— Now, *Lady-Haggs*, jog on softly, that ye don't jade your Coursers before your Journey's End.

2. *Fallen*

2. *Fallen Sp.* Remember this when you come to be *Incorporate*: Assure your selves, we shall be equal with you then.

1. *Sp.* —— Come, don't prate, for fear ye stumble, and lose a Bunch.— We know your Power well enough, that 'tis limited. No more:— Troop off, and shew your Shapes.

2. *Sp.* — This Plunder will be extreamly welcome to *Aquarius*: You heard of the Misfortune of his *Water-Pots* being broken the other Day, by the *Retrograde Dragon*; Ha!— won't these serve in their Room as well as may be?

1. *Sp.* —— If they had been both of a sort, it had been better; this *Tub* will be subject to leak. But perhaps *Aries* can hammer the *Caldron* into Two with his Horns, and afterwards push it into the shape of the *Pitchers*: And if so, we'll make a *Bone fire* of the *Tub*, and laugh at the *World* below, who will shoot it with their *Telescopes*, for a prodigious *Comet*.

2. *Sp.*— Right, again.—— But methinks, the Pleasantness of this Enterprise seems to be abated, by the Concern of getting unperceiv'd into our Lodgings: Suppose we shou'd be met with by the Watch, 'twill spoil the Humour on't.

1. *Sp.*—Pish, never trouble your self about that: Leave the Management of it to me.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XVIII.

Between Two Spirits *that are to be* Mayor *and* Mayoress *of a certain* Corporation: *And when they come into their* Bodies.

1. *Sp.* I Have just now been with the *Secretary of Fate*, to be resolv'd about some *Corporal Questions*, for I judg'd my *Imbodying* near at hand. But 'twas not that that push'd on my Curiosity so much, as to know why I had such an unaccountable Inclination to your Company.

2. *Sp.* And are you resolv'd now?

1. *Sp.* Yes: I'm to be *Lord Mayor of*——— in 1740. and you are to be my *Lady Mayoress*.

2. *Sp.* I the *Mayoress*? Why sure! Am not I as fit to be *my Lord Mayor* as you?

1. *Sp.* I suppose you will always think so, or else you'll break the Custom; but *Fate* has design'd your *Mould* different from mine: You are to have a *Body* of a *peculiar, thin, brittle sort of Clay*; and, in short, you'll be the *weaker Vessel*, and therefore design'd for other Uses than the Burden of a *Sword and Mace*.

2. *Sp.* What Uses, (my Dear:) Methinks I begin to be *in Love*, before I know what it is.

1. *Sp.* Did you take notice of those three *Souls* that fled by just now?

2. *Sp.*

2. *Sp.* Yes: Are they to be our Relations, when we come into the *other World?*

1. *Sp.* No nearer than *your Son and two Daughters.* There were two other *Souls* that us'd to be much in their Company about Twenty Years ſince, which in a little time will be *your Father and Mother*: But I ſhall ſpoil the Buſineſs, by reckoning up *Genealogies.* I'm told, you'll be very ſevere to me.

2. *Sp.* In what?

1. *Sp.* Unkind *Prudence*, and more cruel *Cuſtom* will bind you to hard Laws, and teach you this Leſſon; *Starve your ſelf, to keep your Slave poor.*

2. *Sp.*—— That's a hard Leſſon, indeed: But perhaps 'tis taught, to avoid harder.

1. *Sp.*--- Right: For thoſe that don't ſtand upon their Guard, are eaſily trepann'd, and wheedl'd into a Thouſand Misfortunes; eſpecially, that great one of *Raſh Weddings.* But to avoid all this, let you and I finiſh our Courtſhip here.

2. *Sp.* I'm afraid *Pre-exiſtent Contracts* will be forgot, or, at leaſt, raiſe Jealouſies amongſt our *Rival-School fellows.*

1. *Sp.* Never fear that: Aſſume one *Body of Air*, and I'll prepare another, and then we'll talk it once o'er again.

2. *Sp.* But what Dreſs is *A-la-mode?*

1 *Sp. Ruffs* and *Commodes* will be out of Faſhion: But what need you take care of that? Any Dreſs is every Dreſs, if there's no other preſent to compare it by.—— Ay, that will do.——— O the Charms of the Petticoat!—— Methinks I'm already got within the

the Influence of that Command, *Increase and Multiply.*

2. *Sp.* This is a near way of Wooing indeed. Where's your *Billet-Deuxes*, your Vows and Dying?———

1. *Sp.* Hold, no more of that Nonsensical Cant; 'tis all but an honest way of *Fornication* at a distance.

2. *Sp.* Fye upon this Doctrinal Part of Wooing: The World below wou'd think this a strange Name for their *Tendernesses.*

1. *Sp.* 'Tis neither better nor worse; if I *love a woman*, 'tis no more in other terms, than *I wou'd sleep with her*; so that squeezing Hands, grasping Knees, kissing, hugging, *&c.* are Infant-Offers on both sides at *something else*; 'tis the extremity of these Desires that sheds the Blood of Rivals, prompts to *Suicide*, and Tenants *Bedlam*;—— when perhaps the Party all the while believ'd it to be pure Love, innocent Gratitude, harmless Esteem, refin'd Friendship, *&c.* Not considering that true Friendship increases by the multitude of Rivals, and that no Man was ever angry with his Neighbour for loving his Wife's Soul; when you come into the other world, you'll find no *Jilts* nor *Bullies* in *Bedlam* for Love, no Affronts taken at the *Encomiums* of a Woman's Mind, no desperation for want of an Union of Souls, In short, all Languishments, Sighs, Vows, Protestations, and all the long *Christ-Cross Row* of Lovers is nothing else but the plain *So, So*, in another Dress. Friendship is another thing, and is too sacred to be mention'd at the same time as Love;

it has no dependance at all on the Body, farther than that has a relation to the Mind; but Friendſhip is a Subject too foreign for monopolizing Lovers, and may be diſcuſs'd when we have nothing elſe to do; therefore in ſhort, what Stomach have you to an honeſt Prolification? Am I yours now; or muſt I tarry till a real Naturalization reads the ſame Leſſon to you o'er again in another World?

2 *Sp.* I'll conſider on't; and in the mean time, if I ſhou'd conſent, I hope you'll ſee me better rigg'd than the reſt of my Neighbours.

1 *Sp.* Yes, yes, never fear that.

2 *Sp.* —— Then I'm yours;—— but I won't ſay, I love you, leſt you ſhou'd tell me again what Love is.

DIALOGUE XIX.

Between the Parcæ, *(viz.* Clotho, Lacheſis, *and* Atropos, *) and* a Book-Seller.

Parcæ —— UP Mr. *Letter-monger*, and prepare for your Body, we are drawing out the *firſt Thred of your Temporality.*

Bookſeller. —— WWhat mine? Pray lay that *Diſtaffe* by, and take another; do *dear Lady*, and

and let not me be a Priſoner theſe hundred years, ——— I'm afraid of *Incorporation*; for even *Divinity-Books*, are a meer Drug; but perhaps in a hundred years more, Times may be better: I never intreated before, deny me not now.

Parcæ.—— We'll grant your Requeſt aſſoon as any Body's elſe; but the Dice are caſt, and there's no reſiſting Fate; you muſt budge whether you will or no: Come, don't think to wheedle and perſuade us *like Cuſtomers*; *you aren't got behind the Counter yet.*

Bookſeller.—— I know it very well; —— and ſince there's no Intreaty that can prevail, I've done. Now muſt I ſtand *Centry ſeven years* with my fingers in my mouth, and bareheaded, the better to receive the Impreſſion of the cunning *Myſtery.* ——— Methinks I have got it already; ——— Now for a fine Fetch with that Author about *Supernumeraries*, or Printing a greater Number ſecretly, than I contracted for; Can't I handſomly interlope with my Neighbour *H*——'s Copy, 'tis a very good one, and the Author is at work again. Suppoſe to get the next Copy, *I go and out-bid for this*, now 'tis too late, and tell the Author he was Wheedled and *Chous'd* out of his Labours.——— *I muſt ſqueeze that Book binder, 'twill help towards the loſs of my late Impreſſion.* ——This Copy-Money runs away with a great deal of my Gains, Can't I turn *Plagiary*, and with a handſom ſleight of Hand, put a *new Title upon that old Book*; or were't not beſt to turn *Author my ſelf*, by pillaging other Mens

Works——Right, that will do, I'll part with no more Copy-Money these seven years.—— This *Collection* which I have already made, would pass, with a good *Title Page.*—— *M*—— *R*——and I, can invent some specious one for it.'Tis not a Farthing matter whether 'tis *agreeable* to the Subject within treated of:—— But how shall I come off with those *Scandalous Pamphlets*, I shall print under the Name of *John a Nokes* upon *Tower hill*, *Grub-street*, the *Strand*, or any where else? Shall I suffer for another's *Pamphletteering*, for telling News before it happens, and sometimes such as always has, is, and will be a Notorious Lye? *No I thank ye*, so long as I know how to be in League with the *Messenger of the Press*, and some body else, I'll run the hazard.—— Now for a Body! with all the satisfaction imaginable, for when I come into the other World, possibly I may attain to be as crafty as my Neighbours, and if so, *I'll venture one step further*, to get above 'em: I have only one Request to make, (Dear Mistress of Fate) that you will send but a *few Booksellers*, and a great many *Authors* into the World, for these Threescore and Ten Years.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XX.

Betwixt a Transmigrated Soul, and an Unbodied Spirit.

Transmig. Spirit. WELL, how fare our *Friends, Brother*? I long to be a Member again of your Society, and to be freed from the strange Alliances I have contracted.

Unbody'd Spirit. Why, what Relations have you now?

Tr. Sp. My present Relations are a *forward Crop of Beans*, but what Kindred I shall meet with the next Harvest, I know not: I came out of a *Sprat the last Year*, having finish'd my Circuition and Change through all the *Watry* Inhabitants.

Unbody'd Sp. Pray, what sort of Fish gave you the most troublesome Entertainment?

Tr. Sp. The *Porpus*, by far, to be sure every Westerly Wind I was Drunk with tumbling o'er, and o'er, if it had not been for a *pittying Collier*, who by a lucky Shot made a hole just big enough to creep out of my Prison, I might have lain in *Salt pickle* these forty years longer; but 'tis all one, for I was turn'd out of one Prison, to be Chain'd in another; for I can't expect to change the Laws of Fate, and

have my *Transmigrations* finisht before another Thousand Years more are expired.

Unb. Sp. Why so?

Tr. Sp. Because I must run through all things *Terrestrial*, *Marine*, *and Volatile*, before I have finisht my Task, and expiated the wickedness of my *Pre-existent State*, which expiation always lasts three thousand years; 'tis an unalterable Decree, that all Spirits are to be purify'd by such a Discipline, only here's the difference; that Spirits are to actuate mostly in those Creatures that are of the same Dispositions as they were; as for Instance: The Justice of Fate assigns such as are *Angry and Malicious* into Serpents, the *Ravenous* into Wolves, the *Fraudulent* into Foxes, and so of the rest; only here and there's a *good Spirit*, whose actions being most rational, transmigrates out of *one Man into another*, finishing most of the *three Thousand years in humane Bodies*, and as for other Creatures, the Fates take care that they speedily die, that that part of the Transmigration may be quickly over, and reason good, for if by chance they shou'd be unjustly confin'd beyond the *three Thousand Years*, there's no amends to be made, but some preferment amongst the Officers of Fate, who are always exempt from the Duties of Humanity.

Unb. Sp. Pray give an Instance of some Soul that has animated several Humane Bodies.

Tr. Sp. I my self was first infus'd into *Æthalides*, then pass'd into *Euphorbus*, then into *Hermotimus*, then into *Pyrrhus*, then into *Pythagoras*;

thagoras; then I left Humanity, and Transmigrated into an *Elephant*, and so on through every distinct Species in the Creation, and now at last I'm got into a Bean.

Unb. Sp. I can get into a *Bean* too, if I please: But here's the Question; Is this *Bean, my proper Residence*, and am I, by a Virtual Contact, confin'd more to it, than to any other Being, or Place whatever? I am rather of Opinion, that all this noise about *Transmigration* is no more than thus. That such as are of an equal Temper, Judgment, Inclination, *&c.* may be said to be unanimous, or acted by the same Spirit, especially if they live in different Ages. I can't conceive it to be any thing else, but, *like Care, Motion, Study*, &c. *of some dead Person appearing in some living one*; and thus you, if you acted *Pythagoras*, you were no more *Euphorbus, Hermotinus*, or *Pyrrhus*, than as you had an Inclination to the several Excellencies that appeared in those Persons, and thus a Transmigration into Fishes, Trees, Plants, *&c.* is nothing else but a study of their Nature.

Tr. Sp. You might have added, That 'tis a Doctrine that has not been received in the lower World these many Years; and that 'tis also believ'd, that 'twas a politick Juggle to make the Age Virtuous, by suggesting, that if Persons liv'd ill Lives, they should suffer such and such dreadful Transmigrations after Death; but you'll find to your Sorrow, when you come to put off your first Body, that all is matter of Fact, and no Politick Juggle.

Unb. Sp. When it comes to't, I'll believe it, but not before, since *Pythagoras*, who is affirm'd to be the greatest Patron of this Doctrine, did also teach, That *the Substantive Unity of one Number, is not the Unity of another*, and if so, there's no Transmigration of one Animal into the Life of another different Animal, but a continuance (as long as there is a Being) under the Law of its own Nature, and particular Species; *Species is not coincident with Species*; and this is also imply'd by one of *Pythagoras*'s Symbols, *viz. We must not wear the Image of God in a Seal Ring*; that is, as God can't be resembled, or included in Corporeal matter, so a Humane Spirit (which is the Image of God) must not stoop so low as to actuate meaner Nature than the Rational.

Ir. Sp. Pythagoras held a Correspondence with Spirits, and cou'd not be mistaken, what Instances you have brought, are none of his, *Timon, Lesophanes, Cratinus, Aristophon, Hermippus, and others*, have ascrib'd many things to *Pythagoras*, which he never said nor wrote. ——But you'll be better satisfy'd when you come to make an Experiment your self.

Unb. Sp. 'Tis no matter whether they are his or no, they are truth, and truth never clashes with truth, but is always the same: But I suppose *you are in a Dream*, instead of, *in a Bean*, or I wou'd advise you to gape, for here's a shower of Rain, which will help on with your Germination, and haste your Change into a Cabbage.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXI.

Amongst the whole Consistory of Spirits, *Examining a* Heretick Soul, *about some new Doctrines held forth in Opposition to the Common receiv'd Opinions of the* Ætherial Fraternity.

Consistory. PRoduce the Prisoner, and his Pamphlet; and let's hear what he can say in proof of his new Doctrines; if we admit of one Innovation here, no wonder the World below us is all in *Flames* and *Divisions.*

Register of Fate. He is ready here, and his Pamphlet too——Will ye be pleas'd that I, or he read.

Consist. No, let him begin, and make his Defence to every particular Article as he goes along.

Prisoner. I accept the freedom of making my Defence to the Mysterious Truths that I have discovered, as a very great Favour, and shall without any Preface begin as follows.

The

The First Cannon I lay down is, *That the Sun and Moon are no Planets (as is vulgarly believ'd) but the two Eyes of the World, and that which you call Eclipses, is nothing else but the Worlds winking when 'tis sleepy.*

Confist. How! the World sleepy? Prove that.

Pr. You'll allow the World to be Matter, and as soon as it was created, to be sent of an Errand, and ride Post until this very Minute, without any intermission whatever: You will also grant, that the whole is of the same nature as all its parts, and that motion *wears* away, and destroys what is material, unless it have some Reparations, 'tis impossible always to run, move, act, *&c.* I speak of particular parts of *Matter*, and the same also holds good concerning the whole. I know the great Objection that you'll make, and therefore will Obviate it, to save your labour, *viz. 'Tis impossible to pretend to particular Functions in Nature, and at the same time to be asleep.* ——— To which, I Answer. ——— That the Soul of the World is never sleepy, no more than the Spirit in Humane Bodies; but you can't deny it impossible for a Man in's Sleep, to Walk, Saddle Horses, Mow, Plow, *&c.* of which, there are Instances enough; just so the Soul of the World follows on its Task, tho' its material frame may be asleep; for if it did not it would break its Commission, by leaving some part of the World in too long a Darkness; but this is not a Position entertain'd only by me, take the Sentiments of the lower World upon it, some of which call the Eclip-

Eclipses πάθη, or the Labours of the Moon, some shot at it to keep it awake, some held up Torches, and sounded Instruments of Brass to ease it: Whence one of their Poets.

Cum frustra resonant æra auxiliaria Lunæ.
Metam. Lib. 4.

And another.

Una laboranti peterit succurrere Lunæ.
Juven. Sat. 6.

All which considered, perhaps may render the Doctrine as reasonable as 'tis new.

Consist.—Well, we shall weigh your Reasons by and by, what's your next Thesis.

Pr. Second Canon. *That the Constellations in the Heavens, call'd the* Dragon's-Head *and* Tail, *are nothing else but pieces of a pickled Whale.* To prove which, I have the Man in the Moon to be my Voucher, who is a person of so great Credit, and Reputation, that *Noah* made him the *Boston of his Ark.* His Relation is this, That one Morning, during the Flood, being very curious to take his leave of an old Neighbour or two that were got upon a Wind-Mill, to secure themselves from Drowning as long as they cou'd, the Moon being at Full, (that is broad awake) and according to her usual Method going to take a Draught of Sea Water, (which by the way, is the reason why Tides swell, on purpose for a full Draught) she suckt up a Whale, and the *Boston of the Ark* at once, with a bundle of Cable

Cable Ropes at his back, but being not us'd to such Victuals, she pickled the Fish, and presented it to the Astrologick Souls, (who have eat up all but the Head and Tail,) but kept the Bason to be her *Valet de Chamber*.

Consist. A very strange Relation, but we shall know whether true or no, when we have sent a Messenger for the Man in the Moon: In the mean time proceed.

Pr. Third Cannon. *That the Moon is drunk once a Month*; I don't positively assert this, but am willing to recant if any of you can show me a better reason why her Face shou'd be so red, when she takes a dose of the great *Salt Bowle*, *alias* the Sea.

Consist. We shall consider of that also —— proceed.

Pr. Fourth Cannon. *That the occasion of the Universal Deluge, was the Tears of the Devil and his Angels, who wept for grief to be routed and cast out of Heaven*: They had two Designs by their Tears, for when they found they could not get in again, they hang'd about the Concave and Battlements thereof, as Flies do upon the Cieling of Houses, weeping as well to ease themselves as to be reveng'd of Mankind, so finding themselves to be very many, they wept a numerous Company of Clouds, which were all that time in falling down upon the Earth, as is betwixt *Adam* and *Noah*; but I'm not so conceited and positive, as to believe this the reason, if you can give me a better. ——But however I must beg the liberty to be positive in my next Cannon, *viz.*

Fifth

Fifth Cannon.——*That the cause of Winds flying backward and forward, is the breathing of the World, just as Mankind sucks breath in and out.* To prove this (for I know you expect no less than a Demonstration) I need not say you must consider, (for you do,) That there can be no Effect without a Cause, no Motion without a Mover: The Opinions that pass in this, and the lower World too, have not been enough examin'd, *viz.* That the Sun, Moon, and Stars being Monstrous Bodies, and continually upon the hurry 'tis suppos'd, that they moving, drive the Winds along with 'em, and that the difference of their Motions, causes different Winds, or an Agitation of the Air, this, and that way; which is impossible, because then we shou'd have no Westerly Winds, most of the Erratick Stars moving Westward, which hinder the Winds from coming that way; besides, all Southern and Nothern Winds wou'd be unnatural, but we know that they are as common as Easterly Winds. Nor wou'd the Rarification of Water (as the Philosophers in the lower World Dream) be enough to supply such great Winds, and Hurricanes, as sometimes happen, for they only proceed immediately from the lungs of the World, when it has catch'd cold, or is dispos'd to Laugh or Whistle which makes the Air fly faster our. I might add here, instead of putting it into another *Cannon*.—— That all Earthquakes proceed from the sighing of the World when 'tis in a melancholy Humour, for it raising up its Body (as Man does his Breast when he sighs) and being brittle where it has

the

the fewest Ribs (I mean Mines, Quarries, *&c.* as vulgarly called) the Buildings, and Cities standing in those places, tumble in into's Bowels to secure themselves from a transport into the World of the Moon. ——— ——— Well, Gentlemen, I hope 'tis your Silence that gives Consent unto these Truths, and not an Amazement at their Novelty. In Confidence whereof, I proceed to my

Sixth Cannon, *viz. That Stars are the Bubbies of the World, at which all Astrologers suck, and that all that dun't love Astrology were put out to Nurse, and wein'd with grosser Dyet.* ——— But I beg your Pardon (Gentlemen!) I turn'd over a wrong Leaf; this is your *own received Principle*, therefore no need to prove it, I meant thus ——— *That 'tis as possible for an Ass to drink up the Moon, as to cure Wounds by Sympathy.*

Consist. Ay, indeed now you say something, that is, as much as to say 'tis possible for an Ass to suck out one of the Eyes of the World; for so you call'd it but just now; but pray before you prove it, prove a possibility that it may be proved.

Pr. Pray, Gentlemen, let me have fair play, I mean the liberty of a Philosopher—— If I prove it, I also prove a possibility of proving it: Don't I?

Consist. Yes.

Pr. Very well. To proceed then. I am to tell you that my Correspondence from the other World is very good and creditable, and 'tis often found there, that the Man travels in pains of Childbirth, when the Woman her self

self is Deliver'd without pain: That if some sort of Leaves are rub'd (whilst growing) upon a Corn, Wart, &c. that Corn, or Wart shall die as the Leaf withers away: ——Thus small ideal parts, or fancy'd Representatives of what is real, have the same Sympathetick Effect, that a true Cause wou'd have, when you come into the other World, read Sir *Kenelm Digby*'s Works in this kind. Now those that can deny an Ass to have no Fancy, deny themselves any: But to be short, and give you an Instance that is matter of Fact. One of my Correspondents (*Ludov. vives*) gave me an account of a certain People that did imprison an Ass for drinking up the Moon; the manner was thus: ——The Ass being driven to the Water to drink, the Moon shin'd very bright, and reflected in the water just where the Ass drunk; the Ass fancy'd strongly, pull'd hard to draw in the Moon, and it had the effect accordingly, tho' some were so silly as to believe the Moon being in danger, slipt out of sight behind a Cloud. Hereupon the Ass was brought to the Bar, to receive a Sentence according to his Deserts; and as the Senate were gravely debating the matter, one starts up, a little wiser perhaps than the rest, and made the short following Speech. —— Gentlemen, 'Tis my private Opinion, (and I hope not unreasonably) that 'tis no trifling business for our Town to loose its Moon; and I know but of one way to recover it again, *viz.* by giving the Ass a strong Vomit, to weaken his Fancy, for 'tis that that keeps the Moon a Prisoner in his Maw. —— No, says

says another, I think it much better that the Ass be cut up, and the Moon taken out of him; in short, they handled the Ass so severely, that he had forgot his Supper, and the Moon stole whole, and undigested again into its own place against the next Night, but ever after play'd at Bo-peep, when she saw the Ass come near the Water-——Gentleman, 'tis all matter of Fact, and as great a truth as my next Position.

Seventh Cannon. *That those Devils that were furthest pursu'd by* Michael *and his Angels*, viz. *as far as the middle Region of the Air, are all Taylors, and cut out the Clouds into Shapes of Hogs, Trees, Ships, Dromedaries, &c. on purpose to be talk'd on and wondered at by the ignorant Country People of the World below.*

To prove which, you may be pleas'd to remember, the Prince of Wicked Angels fell by Pride in endeavouring to be like his Maker; and when he was excluded, and chased out of Heaven, he cou'd not forget the Notion, but wou'd yet be *imitating*, and make the Representations of all Creatures in Clouds, and Condens'd Bodies of Air, I might (if there was occasion, to strengthen this Argument) add, that he has also his Oracles, Miracles, Sacrifices, Priests, in short above one half of the World his true and faithful Servents, and all this because the *old Notion of Imitation* was so deeply rooted in his mind ——Now it being prov'd, that the Prince of fallen Spirits, does act so and so; it follows, that all the subordinate Mob have an Itch to imitate their Head, it being a great truth:

Regis

Regis ad Exemplum totus Componitur Orbis.

Subjects will be imitating their King, and Children their Parents, let 'em act good or bad. By Taylor, and cutting out Clouds, I mean only Metaphorically a ſhaping of Clouds, and I ſhall think none of you Hereticks, if you call 'em Carpenters, or Statuaries.

Conſiſt.——Well, and the next.

Pr. *That never any Spirit was ſent into a Humane Body, to joyn with it as its proper half, or as a convenient reſidence, but as into a Priſon for Debt, purely for Debt; and not (as is pretended) for rambling, or other Extravagancies.*

To prove which, you need only to conſult the Records of our Honourable Court of Equity, and you'll find the Decrees generally run thus: " That having upon the humble " Suit of the Plantiff *A*, impartially weigh'd " and conſider'd the Defendant *B*'s *Charge*, " wherein is proved, that beſides bilking his " Lodging, he never paid for the cleanſing " his Wings, nor whitening his Wand; be it " therefore *Enacted* by the Prerogative of this " Honourable Court of Spirits, That the ſaid " *B*, be forthwith tranſported into the other " World, and be kept cloſe Priſoner in a Humane Body for Seventy two Years (or ſome other Number, proportioned to the nature of the Debt.)—And this is farther prov'd by my Correſpondents in the other World, who tell me, they often get into the Ear to liſten if there be any ſubject of diſſolution,

and sometimes mount up into the Eye, and take a view of the Skies, their old Lodgings; and when the Eye (that is to say, the Wicket door, or rather the Grate of the Prison) is clos'd up, 'tis more terrible to 'em, then Garnishing, or double Irons to a Criminal; and thus much for Incorpation Penalties.

Eighth Cannon. *'Tis as easie a thing for Ships to sail in the Clouds of the Air, as in the Sea, and 'tis an Invention that will be found out when Mankind shall discover the way into the World of the Moon.*

This Cannon consists of two parts, *viz. Hypothetick and Prophetick*, to prove the Hypothesis.——Clouds are form'd in the Air either ordinarily, or extraordinarily; ordinarily by the Exhalations of thin and moist Vapours, just as the steam of a boiling Caldron ascends, which meeting together, and justling in the air, by little and little are condens'd into thick Clouds, or airy Rivers, which by degrees empty themselves again into the Sea, as all other Rivers do upon the Earth. Extraordinarily, when several Winds meet together (as 'tis frequent in some Seas) the equal strife causes a whirling violent ascention of fighting Particles, which form a Vacuum in the shape of a leaden Pipe, or Pump as high as the Clouds, but Nature abhorring a Vacuum, fills that vast Pipe with Water, by way of *Suction* or drawing up. So that presently there are formed Clouds of many Millions of Tuns of Water, which can easily enough bear up a Ship, for water looses not its nature in being less, as is evident by a Ship swimming as well in

Twenty

Twenty Fathom deep, as Twenty thousand. Nor has it less power in the Air, than on the Earth; for a *Tub of Water* upon the top of a House, will bear up a Hat, Stick, *&c.* as easily as the *Well* in the Ground, from whence that water was taken. But though we have prov'd, that Ships may sail in the Air, we shan't promise prosperous Voyages, which brings me to the Prophetick part of my *Cannon, viz.* That Mankind shall discover the way into the *World of the Moon, when they find out the way of Sailing in the Air*; I could prove this also, but that it wou'd lessen the Credit of Prophesies, which admit of no demonstration, but *matter of fact*: Therefore I shall wave it, not desiring to be believed, till it be fulfill'd.

Consist. That's reasonable enough,—What else have you to offer?

Pr. Ninth Cannon. *That* Saturn *is neither Base nor Tenor, but Counter-Tenor in the Musick of the Spheres.*

I have my own reasons for this *Negative*, and I expect the same liberty that the Philosophers have in the World below, that is, *Not to prove Negatives.* Let all the Musical Souls amongst ye, prove the affirmative, and I'll not only yield the Cause, but give 'em both my Ears for a demonstration so soon as I have 'em. But to proceed, if I may speak without offence, or particular Reflections on this Honourable *Consistory*, who are now my Judges, I have a great many more Negatives to offer in opposition to as many received Opinions amongst you, which ye have taken

upon Truſt, without examining the reaſonableneſs of 'em; in which (provided I may be freed from my Confinement, and the Calumny of it,) I ſhall oblige all our Fraternity with my farther Diſcoveries.

Conſiſt.—— We'll do you juſtice, and upon performance of your promiſe, you ſhall have your Liberty.

DIALOGUE XXII.

Between the whole Conſiſtory of Spirits, *being a diſcovery of Vulgar Errors, received in that Society, by the late ſuppos'd Heretick Spirit yet a Priſoner.*

Priſoner—THE Goodneſs of my Cauſe is to me inſtead of Queſtions; therefore I ſhall immediately begin to diſcover the vulgar Errors of our Society.——The Condition of my Releaſment,

Secretary of Fate.—Hold a little; here's the *Man in the Moon* come now; let's hear what he can ſay about the *Pickl'd Leviathan*; if upon Oath he confirms not your Teſtimony already deliver'd, how ſhall we believe what you ſhall offer hereafter. ——*Swear him there*, and Adminiſter the Interrogatories already drawn up to that end. *Notary*

Notary Publick. 'Tis done—— *Imprimis*, do you know the Priſoner at the Bar? Have you ever held Correſpondence with him? And if ſo, how long?

Man in the Moon. Yes, I do know the Priſoner at the Bar, and have held a *particular Correſpondence* with him, ever ſince 35 Years before the FLOOD.

Not. Pub. Item, Was you the *Boſton of* Noah's *Ark?* Did the Moon ſuck a Whale and you up with a *bundle of Cables* at your Back, at full Tide in the Univerſal Deluge, declare the truth, and nothing but the truth.——You are upon your Oath.

Man in the Moon. The affirmative of every particular of this ſecond Interrogatory is truth.

Not. Pub. Item——Are you now *Valet de Chamber* to the Moon?

Man in the Moon.——I am.

Conſt. He's very poſitive, pray examine about his *Humanity*, *Suſtenance*, &c. this looks very ſuſpicious.

Not. Pub.——*Item*, Were you a *Man*, *or a Spirit*, when you were *Boſton of the Ark?* If the firſt, How come you to live ſo long without *putting off the Body?* If the laſt, was there any more Spirits with you there at the ſame time. *Remember you are upon your Oath*, and therefore ſpeak the whole truth, and nothing but truth.

Man in the Moon.——I was then, and yet am of *Humane Race*, and poſſibly ſhall continue lively and well, till the day of Judgment, by reaſon of the *agreeableneſs of that Æthar* to

my Stomach, I am never Sick, Hungry, Thirsty, nor Weary; for there's no crude Vapours, or gross matter to turn into Diseases. Nor is it at all strange, since the lower World tells you of one *Epimendies* (*Viridiar. Lib.* 4. *prob.* 24.) that slept Seventy Five Years without Meat and Drink, and of a whole Nation in *India*, that lives upon pleasing Odors, (*Nat. Hist. lib.*7.*c.*3.) and of *Democritus* that was fed divers days with the smell of hot Bread (*Diog. Laert. lib.* 1.*cap.* 9.) why shou'd it seem strange to you, that pure *Æther* shou'd afford such a Nourishment, when your common, gross, vaporous Air nourishes Vegitables? *Onions*, and the *Sempervive*, shoot forth and germinate, when hang'd in the open Air. What think ye of the *Birds of Paradise*, that have nothing else to feed upon but Air? Go and ask *Rondoletius* how it was possible for his *Priest* to live forty years upon nothing but *Air*? Or what he meant, when he said he was an Eye-witness of one that had lived Ten years without other Nourishment. From all which 'tis no wonder that the *pure Æther* shou'd have such Effects upon me, as you now see; though if there were occasion for it, there's all sorts of Diet; but they are given only as *Physick to new Comers* into our *World in the Moon*, as preparatory to a *perpetual Abstinence*. ——— Gentlemen, I hope what I have said is satisfactory; and so I desire the liberty to withdraw: The *Moon* is awake, and ready to get up by this time, and if I miss my Attendance, I may be turn'd out of my Office.

Con-

Consistory. —— Very well; discharge the Witness, and see him safe home in the *Moon* again. —— In the mean time, —— do you, Mr. *Philosopher*, proceed in your Discoveries; you shall have a very favourable Construction of what you offer.

Prisoner. —I acknowledge my Obligations, (*most judicious Patrons*) and shall impart what I have found out, with as much Humility and Modesty as Truth can stoop to.——

First then, I shall presume to call this receiv'd Opinion a Vulgar Error.

That Taurus *has any Horns, or that he feeds of the Schems and Draughts of Astrologers in the lower World.*

Astrol. Sp.——How's that? Blasphemy I protest: What will you make a sucking Calf of one of the great Supporters of the Stars!

Prisoner. —— Pray, Mr. *Astrologer*, Not so fast, lest you shou'd tire; and then your Bull (I assure you) cannot carry you, tho' ye offer every day a Bundle of Schemes to him. Suppose there's no such a Being in all the Heavens as *Taurus*, but only a Nominal Division of the Heavens, what will become of Horns and Fodder then?

Astrol, Sp.—He raves certainly.—— Prove what you say.

Prisoner. Nay hold there; what bid a Philosopher prove *Negatives*! Do you prove the *Affirmative* if you can; if not, tell this honourable Court why you believe it.

Astrol. Sp. —Let me consider a little. ——

Prisoner.—— Come never vex your self to *find out what is not*; when the *Sun* goes through that Part or Division of the Heavens, (or if you will, when that part of the Heavens moves by the *Sun*,) it is said to be in *Taurus*, because it happens at the time of the Year when the *Countrey-man* tills, manures, and plows his Lands by the help of *Oxen* or *Bulls*; likewise when the *Sun is in Gemini*, 'tis said to be so, because of the *Pairing and Copulation* of most Creatures at that time; and so of the rest of the *Signs*; which are only Appellations, and no real Beings. I cou'd tell you, that there's some in the World below us, that know as much; but this wou'd be too like one of their Proverbs, *viz. If you wou'd know what News at Court, you must enquire in the Countrey*: And this puts me in mind of another false Opinion among us, *viz.*

That the Devil is a Male Spirit.

This is taken upon Trust too, without *examination of his Testicles*: if there be *ever a Midwife-Spirit* among you, that knew him out at Nurse, or that had any private Familiarity, or learn'd it by his own Confession before he fell, *stand forth.*

Midwife-Sp.——I knew him out at Nurse, but was never very curious in that particular; but he told me himself that he was a *Male-Spirit.*

Prisoner. He told ye! If you have no better Evidence than that, it proves nothing. 'Tis well known, *The first Word he spoke was a Lie*;

a Lye; and 'twas for lying that *Michael* chas'd him out of Heaven. —— I'm perſwaded he's an *Hermophradite*, my reaſons are theſe; 'Twas a *brave and Maſculine ſort* of Impiety when he pretended himſelf to be a God, and gave Oracles, and Propheſi'd; but 'twas a *Feminine* ſort of wickedneſs, to be afraid of the *Pentangle of Solomon*, the Liver of *Tobias* his *Fiſh*, the ſound of *Tetragrammaton*, the Vertue of *Hipericon*, the Root of *Baaras*: Cou'd any thing but a *Fœminine Devil*, be Commanded by *Charms*, *Spells*, *Conjurations*, *Lerters*, *Notes*, and *Daſhes*. In ſhort, can the Devil be any thing elſe but a *Rigil*, that is, either *Man* or *Woman*, to gratifie the VVitches, and VVizards of the world below, Can he be any thing elſe but an *Hermophrodite*, whoſe Language looks both ways at once, and is either true or falſe.

Aio te Æacidem Romanos vincere poſſe.

No, no, the Caſe is plain; and I hope this *Honourable Convention* will order it to be regiſtred accordingly. And ſo I ſhall proceed to take notice of another Vulgar Error amongſt us, *viz.*

That the Soul of the World is not ſubject to the Paſſions of Humane Spirits, or that it is not ſometimes Merry, Sad, &c.

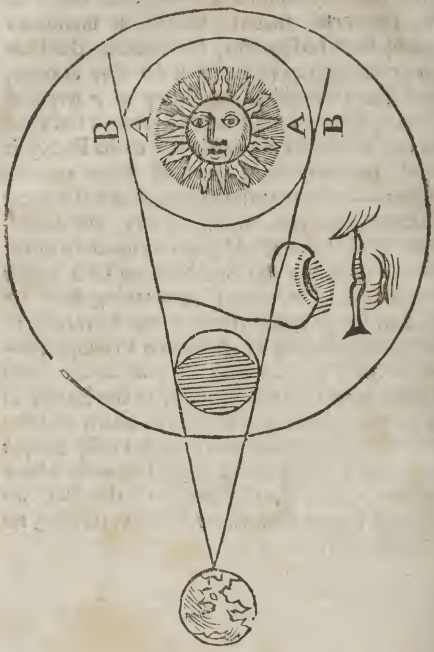
I ſuppoſe, if I prove the contrary you'll look ſo *wiſhfully* upon one another, that you'll have an immediate Confirmation of it by the

World's

World's Laughing at you: 'Tis a certain truth, and if you will but *peep out of the Wickets of your Stars*, and view the Face of the Elements, you will just now see it look with a pair of *Blubber'd Eyes*, the reason of it is this; Taking a view of the Creation, it casually fixt one of its Eyes upon the *Gallick Territories*, and seeing so much Tyranny, Pride, Extortion, Blasphemies, *&c.* it cou'd not refrain from *Weeping*, the Inhabitants of the World below us, call it *Raining*, not believing that the frequent showers of Tears that fall amongst 'em, are a *bewailing their Irregularities*; and thus, when it sees some good and vertuous Actions, it looks with a *pleasant Air*, and smiles upon 'em, and that they call *Sun-shine*. The other Night, the World had got the *Highcough*, which is very often mistaken for *Thunder*.——We are in almost a hundred Mistakes about the *Worlds Common Actions*; when it *Spits*, 'tis erroneously suppos'd to be a *Shooting of Stars*; when it turns its Head on one side, either in a *fit of Laughter*, or by being asham'd at some unhandsome Actions it sees, presently 'tis concluded, there's an *Eclipse of the Sun*; and in this Opinion, the World below us are deeply rooted: Now since I am not stingy, or partial in Communicating my Observations, I wou'd have some of you *Astrologick Souls* (when you come to have Bodies) to undeceive your Neighbours about that which they call an *Eclipse of the Sun*, for 'tis laid down as a *Maxime* amongst 'em, That the *Sun being a greater Body than the Moon*, can never be *totally Eclipsed*; which Error does so much affront

front the Harmonious Order, and make of the Universe, that the World, as unable to put up such Indignities, has been in the Humour sometimes to *close both her Eyes* at once, and leave Mankind *muffled up in a perpetual Night*; for you must believe, that if the Face of the World be proportioned to its Body, it must be *pretty broad*, at least some 100000 Miles.——So that the Eyes must stand a great distance one from another; nay, the *Inhabitants of the lower World* grant as much in effect when they say the Sun is in an Orb vastly higher than the Moon; now taking their Opinion for granted, the Sun may be totally Eclipsed according to their own Principles—— as in the Figure annext; for when the Face of the world stands side-way to the Earth, so that the Moon is betwixt the Earth and the Sun, 'tis plain, the Moon does not only Eclipse the whole Body of the Sun, but as far about as the Circle B, the Body of the Sun, although bigger than the Moon, extending no farther than A.

Another



Another Vulgar Error, wich I have met with, is this.

That there are no more Worlds habitable by Men, than the Earth, Moon, Sun, and the rest of the Planets, with a few fix'd Stars.

Now

Now this I know, by my own Experience, to be a falshood, for coming home *late one Night* by the Seven Stars, I *peep'd* into the least amongst 'em (which you know is seldom visible to the lower world) and I saw Thousands of *Little Men and Women* going to a Fair, but they were no *bigger than Rats*; I cou'd not forbear *Philosophizing* upon it, and at last I satisfy'd my self with this Conclusion, that all *Stars were Worlds*, and the People in 'em were proportion'd according to the bigness of 'em, and I was confirm'd in my Opinion when I consider'd that the Inhabitants of the Earth were about *two Yards high*, that those in the Moon were as high as the *largest Steeples*, and that the People in the Sun wou'd make nothing of stepping *Seven Miles at a step* in their common walking, hnd that an ordinary sucking Flea had a Trunk as big as an *Elephant*; now Gentlemen, that you may be satisfied as well as I, that the least Star is an *Habitable World*, 'tis but taking a little more notice of 'em in your Rambles.——

Another Vulgar Error amongst us is,

That there are some new Stars since the Creation, or at least old ones mended, as that in Cassopeia, *that in* Sagittarius, *and many others.*

For First, (as introductive to what follows) I shall prove that Stars don't *borrow their Light from the Sun*, but have their own innate light, as Fish Scales, Rotten Wood, *&c.* notwithstanding all the plausible pretences of *Earthly Philoso-*

Philoſophers; becauſe, if they borrow'd their Light from the Sun, or by Reflection, they would not always have the ſame appearance, ſince the World moves its face ſometimes ſo, that *both its Eyes* are hinder'd from looking upon ſuch and ſuch Stars, and ſometimes by reaſon of the Interpoſition of one anhther; but ſuch and ſuch Stars have always the *ſame Luſtre*, provided the Clouds don't interpoſe or hinder the light from making a right Judgment. —*Secondly*, They are not matter *ſolid and compact as the Earth is*, for 'tis evident to every bodies experience, that *motion* wou'd in time wear 'em away, but they are only *Globulous formations out of the firſt light*, which finiſht the Circumrotation of Heaven and Earth, e're the Sun, Moon, or themſelves were created; and if ſo, *Light is not ſubject to attrition* or wearing away, no more than Darkneſs, which in ſome ſenſe is a *quality rather than a body*: Hence no Stars grow old, or wear away, and if ſo, no need either of *mending 'em, or making new ones*, for a convenient perfect number was at firſt created; beſides, if they ſhould be mended, what would have become of their *Inhabitants the ſame time?* or where muſt they have dwelt till their World had been *new Rigg'd?* Thoſe Stars talk'd on, in *Caſſopeia, Sagitarius, &c.* were nothing elſe but Meteors or Evaporations from the *bodies of other Planets*, caus'd by the Sun; and as the matter whereby they were fed ceaſed, they diſappear'd; and the truth of all this is well known by many of our Society, who were at the ſame time upon

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the Ramble in those Quarters.——The next vulgar Error I observe is this,

That in a few Ages the People in the World below us will teach the Rucks *in* Madacaſſar *to fly with 'em into the World in the Moon, and ſteal ſome of thoſe Inhabitants to ſhow 'em at* Bartholomew Fair.

By what wild Notion this Opinion came to be propogated I know not, but the Authors of it do alſo tell us, that a *Ruck is a Bird with wings twelve foot long*, and that they make no more of ſooping up a Horſe and his Rider, than a *Kite does of a Mouſe*, ſo that they can eaſily carry a Man any whither between their Pinions, or in their Talons. But tho' I grant this to be truth, yet the *Voyage is too long to undertake*; for according to my laſt Calculation, the diſtance between the *Earth and the Moon* is one hundred ſeventy nine Thouſand, ſeven hundred and twelve Miles; ſo that ſuppoſing it poſſible for a man and his *winged Courſer* to fly half a year together, it would be 980 miles a day, (*too violent a motion for breathing*) before he cou'd get to the Moon, which wou'd be a very hard Task without Meat, Drink, or Sleep. And laſtly, (for I'll mention but one more at preſent) 'tis an Erronious Opinion,

That a Spirit can't carry away the whole Univerſe at once, if he might be permitted to do it.

If a Spirit can *heave* a Chair, a Stool, a Man, *&c.* he can alſo remove the World. The reaſon is, *matter is not determinative upon Spirits*, firſt, not as to *place*, for if a Spirit cannot be circumſcrib'd, it follows that all Places are the ſame to him, and that if a Spirit moves a Chair from its firſt Station, he can alſo move it ten thouſand Miles further, all the labour being only *willing ſuch a motion*. Nor is it the Quality of *matter* that can hinder this motion, all matter being the ſame to him; we have daily inſtances of *Spirits paſſing thro' Glaſs, and the moſt continuous matter* as eaſily as through Air, which is a more extended *Body*. Nor is it *Quantity* that can hinder this motion, for 'tis granted that a Spirit can as eaſily *move a man as a flea*, and if ſo, he can as eaſily *run away with a Star as a man*, but this he is not permitted to do, ſince ſuch a motion would ſpoil the *harmonious and regular poſition of the Heavens*: but to prove it poſſible to remove *Sun*, *Moon*, *Stars*, *Earth*, *Sea*, nay, and the whole *Cælum Empyreum* at once; I ſhall offer,——That a Spirit moves not matter by application of matter to the thing moving, (as when a man moves his Hatt off his Head, he moves it with his hand, which is another body) but by a *vertual Contact* or Application of the Will, juſt as a man moves his own Body, which is only by *willing* a motion to it; juſt ſo when a man moves his hand, he moves it not by help of the other hand, but by the *immediate act of his will*. Now the Spirit in a man is limited by Incorporation, and can move nothing but only its members,

or

or what it applys its members to; which also being matter are *confin'd to Proportions* in respect of that other matter which they are apply'd to, yet an *unbodied Spirit* being confin'd to no particular Matter can **will** a motion to any *matter*, which is effective upon matter, as greater Powers command lesser. Nay, I might yet further offer that a spirit might move *all the Universe at once* (I mean the *Cælum Empyreum*, and all the Globes within it) without displacing the particular parts; as the Wheels, Weights, *&c.* of a Clock, when the whole Clock is mov'd away at once; for a Clock will follow its *regular motions* in *Italy* as well as in *England*, so that (*Gentlemen Spirits*,) if you have a mind to examine *matter of fact*, there's no more to do than to make a tryal, only I have this to tell you, that you cannot tell whether you move the **whole** or no, because you *carry all matter and place* with you, so that there will be left no place behind to measure from, and if so, no distance, and consequently no motion to be judg'd of; nor can we who are within the Globe perceive it, since we shall be always at the same distances, just as a fly wou'd be in a house if the house were removed. This is all I have to offer at present, by which I hope I may have not only performed the Conditions of my Liberty, but deserve a Philosophers body in the other World.

Consistory, Very well, be it Enacted forthwith, that he supply the first vacancy in the **Athenian Society.**

DIALOGUE XXIII.

Between the Spirit of one that is to be a Member of the ATHENIAN SOCIETY, *a Correspondent, and of some that are to be Querists.*

Athenian Member. — HOW *a Member of the Athenian Society!* a privy Counsellor of the Stars? *a Resolver of all Questions!* very well, —— Have at ye *Phisicks and Metaphisicks*, Methinks I long to begin the *search*, *Nature* lays open her hidden stores, the *vegitable world* courts my Inspection, the Spirits of *animate Beings* crowd to be treated on, and the *Cœlestal bodies* stoop to my Embraces, as *Luna* did to her *Endymion*. Though other Spirits tremble at the thoughts of Incorporation, 'tis a great part of my happiness to think on't, and I am uneasie in nothing but delays of Commencement. Pray *Gentlemen Spirits*, if ye have any kind resentment of my expectations, begin and ask me some Questions, that I may try my faculty.

A Querist. ——Very well, —— I shall be one of your humble Querists in the other World, and to save us both some labour, pray answer beforehand, whether the **Longitude at Sea** can be found out so as to be made practicable; and also the reason of the **flux and reflux** of that unquiet Element.

Athe-

Athe. Mem.—— Yes, 'tis possible to find out a **Practicable Longitude**, but I shan't discover the Method *how* till I come into the other World, and am secure of the thousand pounds Legacy, the promis'd reward; so that I shall intreat you, and all other my loving Querists, to let me take my own time for resolving Questions of Interest; but as to the *flux and reflux of the Sea*, I'll impart the discovery; —— Know then that the whole mass of the Creation is **one great Vegitable Being**, and that *Water and Air* are to it, as *sap* is to Trees, or as *blood and serum* are to animate Bodies; and that the **universal Spirit** which is dispers't through every individual Particle of Nature, and more eminently gather'd together in the midst of that *vast frame*, is the **Sun**, which being plac'd in the Centre of the Earth resembles the spirit of man, which is also more particularly seated in the heart; this premis'd, I further add, That the Sun wou'd expire if there were not an Element of Air to oppose and fight with; which I prove thus, *particulars are of the same nature as their Generals*, and a small fire clos'd up so that it can have no Air to oppose it, immediately grows unactive and expires. And thus, when a man ceases to breath, the vital heat or spirit within having nothing to fight with, grows idle, and dyes. To which I shall yet add, as a resolution to the Question, That the strife betwixt the Sun and the Air thins and subtilizes the Sea, and causes the *flux* and swelling of the Tides as a small fire affects the bubling water that is near it; and thus the strife betwixt the vi-

tal heat and the reſpiring Air in bodies, rarifies and ſtirs up the blood to a pulſation, or a *diaſtole and ſyſtole*, agreeable to the *flux and reflux* of the Sea, and as the pulſe is eaſier diſcern'd in the Arms and other extream parts ,than in the main bulk of the body ; So Tides are moſt remarkable at the ſhores. Thus Life is maintain'd by oppoſition, and thus all *compounded Exiſtences* are preſerv'd by unnatural Wars. One difficulty more is to be reſolv'd, and I've done, ſome Seas have their Tides every two hours, ſome every four, and ſome every ſix, which periods are caus'd by the different humors of the Sea, as ſome are more terrene and heavy than other,ſome more ſalt and ſulphureous, ſome more thin and vaporous, and accordingly their reſpective qualities encreaſe to ſuch and ſuch a degree before they are proper ſubjects for the *Sun and Air* to work upon, which being deſtroy'd by agitation, they are ſo long before they encreaſe to a proper head again; and this alſo runs parallel with the *Criſis, or fits of Fevers in humane bodies*, which alſo differ according to the humours of the body, the cholerick humour increaſes three days, the melancholy four, and ſo of the reſt, before they can come to ſuch a degree or Criſis of the diſtemper, and thus I have conſider'd the reſemblance of the *great* and *little World* by way of anſwer to this Queſtion.——And now propoſe your next.

Queriſt.-- Here's the Correſpondent come from your Incorporate Brethren the *Athenian Society* in the other World, perhaps they may be

be puzled by their Queriſts, and have therefore deſir'd you and the reſt of their Succeſſors Aſſiſtance.

Correſpondent.—— *Your Imbodied Brethren below, greet ye well, wiſhing ye all good organiz'd bodies, & patient Queriſts, & intreat a continuance of Correſpondence: They have by me ſent you ſix Queſtions, deſiring you wou'd communicate your thoughts upon 'em, and if ye will ſend to them what difficulties you meet with amongſt your Etherial Queriſts they'll impart their Opinions to you. The following Queſtions are according to the quality of the ſeveral Members.*

Divine.—— Whether the Pope be Antichriſt or no?

Mathematician.——Whether there may be found out a Cannon to meaſure a ſpherical Convoid?

Logician.——— What's the proper diſinition of glorify'd matter?

Civilian.——What reaſonable anſwer we can make when we are ask'd, Why upon Divorces we take penal Security that the Innocent party marrys not again during the Divorceds Life, when the forfeiture and payment of ſuch penal ſecurity will not ſatisfie the Law.

Lawyer.——— Whether *Lazarus*'s Eſtate belong'd to the next Heir or himſelf after he roſe from the Dead?

Poet.——— Pray aſſiſt me with two or three natural Rhimes to Chimney.

Merchant.—How to find out a way to give Intelligence in ſix hours, of Ships at 100 Leagues diſtance, in order to profitable Enſurances.

Surgeon. —— Whether an *Homunculus* produced upon the Grounds that *Paracelsus* has laid down, wou'd have been animated by *Blood*, or such *white Matter* as Vermin have that are also produc'd by unnatural heat?

Their *Bookseller*, and Mr *Smith* the *Coffee-Man*, want also to know *whether there be any Cure for the* Athenian Itch.

Member. —— Here's nothing that is beyond the power of an immediate perception. Say, all ye *Æthereal Querists*, have you any doubt to send into the other World? —— If ye have, propose 'em to our Correspondent, who is just now going thither.

1 *Querist.* —— I'm afraid I shall be a Poet direct me *by what measures I may be exempted from the Fate of the old Proverb*; Poets are poor by Destiny.

2 *Querist.* —— I have but one to offer. —— How may I attain to an effectual Form of Courtship? —— But pray, let it be answer'd in the very next *Mercury*; for Lovers are impatient.

3 *Querist.* —— I have a very scrupulous Conscience. Pray, is it lawful to eat *Black Puddings*?

4 *Querist* —— I want to know the Reasons why those Questions I sent about six weeks since are not yet answer'd: I think my Questions deserve a Thought as well as any Bodies else.

5 *Querist.* —— When comes out the next Volume?

6 *Querist.* —— What curious Translations are design'd for the next Supplement?

7 Que-

7 *Querist.* —— I'm a little asham'd, or I wou'd ask when I shall be Marry'd? Pray, let me be answer'd the next *Tuesday*; which being the first in the Month, is the Day appointed by the Society for Love-Questions, and the Doubts of Ladies.

8 *Querst.* —— Why many Questions are never answer'd? *viz. Jacobitish, Obscene, Scandalous Riddlish, useless,* &c? Since every Body wou'd have their own Thoughts preferr'd to their Neighbour's, —— let mine come the next.

9 *Querist.* —— Why they pass over Questions of two or three Months standing, and take notice of Popular Subjects, Curious Accidents, and such as can't be pass'd over without great prejudice to the Querist; which looks a little partial. —— I want a speedy Answer,

10 *Querist.* —— Why the World below is so foolish as to expect one Paper to please every Body, since the variety of Educations, Constitutions, *&c.* create different Judgments, so that what pleases this Person, offends that; and what offends this, pleases that; Insomuch that 'tis a true Riddle, *To please most, is the way to offend most; and to offend most, is the way to please most?* Let the next *Mercury* treat of this Subject, it being a Matter of Consequence.

Correspondent. —— Pray, dismiss me; the Society is set, and I shall lose a great part of the Conference.

Athenian Member. —— Very well! Remember us to our Embody'd Brethren, and

tell 'em they shall have their Questions answer'd, and sent to 'em by their next Sessions, and we hope they will consider of these sent by our *Ætherial Querists*; tell 'em also, that a Continuation of this Correspondence is very agreable to us, and shall never be broke off by our neglect. — One thing more, ——— You must remember to call in at *Venus* as you go along; there's a Female Spirit at a great loss in a certain soft Affair; she wants a Resolution of her Doubts as soon as possible.

DIALOGUE XXIV.

Between the Spirits of a General, a Midwife, *and an* Executioner.

General. — I Can't think my self to be of the same *Species* as other Spirits are. ——— How? — the disposal of so many thousand Souls! ——— Strange! what a spacious Mannour am I Lord of? What a numerous Crowd of living Tenements are at my Command? Methinks I see my self at the Head of 60000 Men, who act implicitly, without questions: If I command, they fight, march, encamp, or what I please. Methinks I see my Enemy drawing near, and it depends on a single Breath, whether Thousands

ſands fall or none: What ſignifies a *Diadem*, or *Tyrian Robes*, when the Sword commands them to be laid aſide? *Alexander* was not fear'd as *Philip*'s Succeſſor; but as a General, and a Conqueror. Is there any Spirit that can pretend to ſuch an abſolute Power over its fellow-creatures as a General?

Midwife. ——— What Deſpotick Spirit is this that preſumes to huff, and encroach upon my Priviledges? A General! 'Tis *a little noiſie, buſie* Thing, that is ſo far from having an abſolute Diſpoſal of its Fellow-Creatures: as to have its dependance purely from me, Is it not in my power to cruſh the *Wretch*, and bring it ſtrangled into the World? And then where's the Diſpoſer of Crowns, the *ſingle Breath*, that was to determine the Life and Fate of Thouſands? *How ſmall is that Power over others, that is not able to preſerve it ſelf?* Beſides, admit a General to have a diſpenſation for an uncommon entrance into the World; how would he do for proper Subjects of his Power, if he diſown'd his Obligations to me? Where wou'd he have his Attendance, if I ſhou'd deny to aſſiſt him by aiding *humane Productions?*

General. ——— How, I depend upon a whining Female Midwifry! If the more hardy, and Maſculine Beings obey me, what can the more helpleſs, brittle Clay, call'd *Woman*, do? If 'tis in a Commander's Power to put all to the Sword, by what Artifice can you plead an Immunity? ———

Midwife, ——By that of Gratitude; If Male Spirits are not wholly ignorant of ſuch a Vertue;

Vertue; *for 'tis a mean recompence to destroy those by whom we live.* ——— But to pass over that: The first Refusal of any thing is most noble; and then you can't deny but we have our power of disposing of Life and Death before you: Besides, *Life* being more noble than *Death*, we have yet the preference, since we dispose of *that*, and you of *this*.

Executioner. —— What a vain Contest is here about a Preheminence that belongs to neither of you?

Gen. ——— What have we here, another Controller of Fate?

Execut. ——— Yes, very often of the Fate of *Generals* and *Midwives* too.

Gen. ——— Oh that I had but a Body, and this *Insolent Gibbet Gazer* another; that I might Cane him for his Saucine[illegible]

Execut. —— Not so passionate, *good General.* —— If you know any other *Reason* besides your *Sword*, pray answer me —— whether 'tis not the End of an Action that dignifies it? ——— Or, whether Actions in themselves are either good or ill otherwise than as they receive such denominations from the End which determines them?

Gen. ——— Right; What wou'd you infer from hence, the honour of fixing a Criminal's Ear-knot, or piling up the expiating Fagot?

Execut. ——— No, but that my Office being the Execution of just and prudent Laws, is far more honourable than the murthering Ambition of Generals, or the Midwifry of vicious Humanity. The most just Wars that happen

happen, are never without the injustice of destroying some Persons, that have no other fault but prejudic'd Judgments; and Midwifry is so blind an Action, as to make no difference betwixt the Legitimate and Illegitimate, betwixt Fathers of Countreys and Tyrants; betwixt the Prince and Beggar.—— But in a due Administration of just Laws, there's an immediate distinction betwixt Merit and Demerit, Vertue and Vice: In short, 'tis so absolutely necessary, that neither the Body Politick, nor private Persons can be safe and happy without it; and therefore nobly great, and meritorious, as a Preserver of Nobility amongst other Conditions.

Gen. —— I never decide Disputes any other way than by my Sword; therefore if you persist in these Heresies, prepare to end the Argument by force.——

Execut. —— I never fence, nor resist till I *tie up my Adversary*; if you'll tarry till then, I'm sure I shall convince you.——

Midwife.—— Dispute and quarrel as long as ye please, I shan't yield the preheminence to either of you; —— Besides, 'tis unjust, (*since we are all Proselytes to our own Conclusions,*) to give Judgment decisive upon our own Cases.——If you think it convenient, we'll refer the Dispute to the Arbitration of the **Athenian Mercury**, who will do us all Justice.

Execut.——Agreed.

Gen. —— *March then; but, I will lead up the File thither.*

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXV.

Between the Spirits of Two Projectors.

1 *Spirit.*—HOW! *A well fledg'd Cully,* just come to Town, and brought along with him an unbawk'd Fancy, a ſtrong Faith, and a deep Purſe! Very well,—— 'Tis no *common Catch,*—— a *handſom plauſible Harangue*; and he's mine; But yonder's one of my Comrades. —— Holo *Brother* Projector, What Proſpect have you of your Diſcoveries in the lower World? Are they like to ſucceed or not? ——— I'm upon the wings of an imaginative Faculty; and am fancying my ſelf in purſuit of the Game.

2 *Sp.*—Firſt let me ſee how I ſhall come off in what I'm now upon.

1 *Sp.*—— Why have you not yet effected your Promiſe of recruiting the *exhauſted ſtores of Nature* about Thunder and Lightning?

2 *Sp.*——What do you mean?

1 *Sp.*——When Nature was commanded to muſter up all her *Sulphury Stores*, and Vengeance call'd for their diſpoſal on the Cities of *Sodom and Gomorah*, 'twas you (if I miſtake not) that offer'd to raiſe a new Supply without a *Bankrupcy* of any of the *four Elements.*

2 *Sp.*——That I have done long since; but the great business in hand is ——

1 *Sp.* —— Is what? I'll warrant you 'tis some Intriegue that you are for managing when you come into the Body: Come we'll suppose our selves already there; —— What wou'd you be at?

2 *Sp.* ——Twenty Thousand Pounds at least, and a Name to out live Monuments.—— The Notion's fresh and coming; and methinks I see *a Coach and Six* a little behind it, attending me as a small Testimony of such a useful Discovery.

1 *Sp.*—— Then you'll forget me; Attendance and Ceremonies will prejudice your Eyes from looking upon your old Friends: In short, you'll be moulded into a new Nature.

2 *Sp.*——Well, since you will be fancying Incorporation, methinks I hear your Question urg'd in the Body, and my self making Excuses, and coming over you for a *handsom Treat*, on purpose to seek an opportunity of telling you how lasting my Friendship wou'd be.——Methinks I also see you vex *that you were prevented in the Question*, and my self asking, *What is become of all the auxiliary Magazines sent in by your credulous Disciples?*

1 *Sp.* —— Your Fancy's pretty near the Truth; but I cou'd tell you that you'll be at a strange loss without an Apprentiship of seven years held in the *Subterranean Conclave*, o'th' Southern side of the T——le.

2 *Sp.*—— Why, what's to be learn'd there, more than *Decoy or Wheedling in a Yo——re Squire or two?*

1 *Sp.*

1 *Sp.* —— To come off handſomly after all, and manage the Concern ſo wiſely, as never to fail bringing the *uſeful Diſcovery* to perfection; but for want of Two or Three Hundred Pounds more, which will oblige the *Engagers* either to reſign their firſt Intereſt, rather than come in deeper, or force 'em to the laſt ſhift of paying their Footing, (which is, Breaking,) and commencing Projector themſelves; which, in my Opinion, is a very fine Trade amongſt ſoft Heirs, credulous Bankers; nay, amongſt all that are *Babes in Worldly Philoſophy.* —— But to wave the Thoughts of the *Body*, and return to our firſt Subject. —— You have ſupply'd the exhauſted Stores of Thunder and Lightning, *&c.* Pray which way are your labouring Thoughts employ'd now? And what farther Diſcovery have you to communicate to the Univerſe?

2 *Sp.* —— 'Tis a weakneſs to deſign before *Projectors*; and the ſureſt way that can be found out to be ſupplanted; therefore I deſire to be excus'd farther than to tell you in general Terms: *I am offering Propoſals to the Regiſter of Fate, for a regulation of the* Solſtices: I know no Reaſon the *Sun* ſhou'd not be call'd to an Account for being idle twice a Year, when the Inconveniences of his loytring are ſo deſtructive to the whole Frame of Nature, by burning up its *radical Moiſture* on one ſide, and ſuffering the other ſide to lie impriſon'd in the *Chains of Froſt and Darkneſs*, without the leaſt demerit.

1 *Sp.*

1 *Sp.* —— Indeed this has not yet been consider'd; but won't it disoblige the Computation of the *Astrologick Souls*?

2 *Sp.* —— Particular Interests must not come in competition with a general Good: ——But admit such a small inconvenience; I can quickly redress that.

1 *Sp.* —— Nay, then you'l encroach upon my *Studies*; for I have been drawing a Scheme of the *Regulation of Time*, &c. for which I expect no small Recompence.

2 *Sp.* ——Pray where does your Calculation begin?

1 *Sp.* ——From the very Minute that the Deluge began; which, as I take it, was about Seven a Clock i'th' Morning, from the Creation of Souls 2193 Years, 6 days 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Minutes.

2 *Sp.* —— You pretend to great Exactness.

1 *Sp.* ——'Tis necessary; or I had chang'd Winter for Summer before now.

2 *Sp.* —— Well, and have you any thing else to promote?

1 *Sp.* —— Nothing at present, but to secure my self from being pump'd out of my Project, till I am certain of my Reward.

2 *Sp.* Farewel then.

1 *Sp.* —— If you had not been in haste, I cou'd have told you how *Noah*'s Compass and *Sea-Card* were the very first Enterprize I brought to perfection: But more of this the next Meeting.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXVI.

Between Two Travelling Spirits.

1 *Spirit*— WEL L met Brother; how far this way?

2 *Spirit.* —— Into the *Sphere* of *Saturn*; I have only that part of the *Universe* to be acquainted with; and at my return home, I shall have a *compleat Journal*, with some Remarks, not a little curious and diverting.

2. *Sp.* —— I am just come from thence, and am willing to give you a particular Relation of every thing there? But pray what are the most curious Remarks you have met with in this long Ramble.

2 *Sp.*—— In the Region of the Moon I found some surprizing Novelties; particularly, the manner of that Planet's Motion. —— The Moon is generally believ'd to perform its Circuition by a Principle of Self-Motion, which Nature at first communicated to it; but 'tis an Errour; for the *Moon* is a *Lifeless inanimate Mass*, and can no more move of it self than a Pewter-Dish can; nor is it (as some have concluded) bowl'd along by *Spirits* amongst the rest of the Stars; for then a swinging Gigantick Spirit wou'd sometimes throw it out of its due Cariere, and make it rub, or fall foul upon some of the other Planets. No no, such Caprices in Nature are not to be met with. —— 'Tis continually carry'd

carry'd along by half a dozen Spirits in a large Lanthorn, half of it transparent, and the other half dark, and these half dozen Spirits are reliev'd by another half dozen, once in four and twenty hours: The reason of its seeming *Increase and Decrease*, is nothing else but the turning of the darker or brighter side of its Lanthorn more or less *directly* or *obliquely* towards the *Globe of the Earth*. I can also assure you, that there's not one Star in the Heavens that moves of it self; but what are carry'd along by Spirits (plain Spirits, not Intelligences, as some Philosophers dream; for there's no such Beings.) There are many strange Opinions amongst Mankind about the Motion of the *Heavenly Orbs*: A Spirit that left its Body in a Dream, just when I came into the world of the *Moon*, gave us some merry Tenets about it; as, that the Elements were divided into Spheres, like the *Films of an Onion*, and that such and such Stars mov'd in such and such *Films*. Some again held, That Stars were put upon Strings like Beads, and push'd on by Legions of *Spirits*. Some wou'd have 'em half under and half over their *Films*, and Chanels cut for 'em to roul along: Some believe that the *Film* is transparent, and that Stars are bowl'd along up em: Some, that they hang under their *Films*, and that there's a kind of a mucous Matter, which makes 'em stick like Flies with the feet upwards to a Cieling: but some believe there's no such things as *Spheres*, *Films*, or *Divisions* of Elements; but that they hang in the Air upon their own Centre, whirling about like Boys

Tops at *Shrovetide*. Thus far the humane Spirit discover'd the wild Opinions of his Brethren.

1 *Sp.* —— This is pleasant indeed; but I believe I light on some Passages as remarkable. You know that every Globe has its *particular Æther*, which moves along with it; and that there are *indefinite Spaces*, *Vacuums*, or *Interstitiums* betwixt the *Planets*, if not, the vertiginous motion of one *Æther* would justle with another. You are also satisfy'd, that the Globes of *Mercury* and *Luna*, have either of 'em a Republick of Philosophical Souls, that left their Bodies, and yet retain their old Notions. ——— It was my chance to travel that way when there was a publick Dispute betwixt some late deceased *Cartesians*, and some *Peripateticks*; every Soul was arm'd *Cap-a-pe* with *Dilemmaes*, *Propositions*, *Objections*, &c. But the Dispute about Motion and innate *Idea's*, was manag'd so warmly, that they forgot their Footing, which was upon the extremity of the *Vortex*, and down they came fluttering into the *indefinite Space* or *Vacuum* I was telling you of.——— Very well (says a *Peripatetick Soul*,) *this Fall is no Motion*, because there's no *Continuity of Matter* to measure by; and therefore I defie you all to prove a possibility of getting out again. A *Cartesian Soul* fell a laughing at such a Challenge, and told him, he ought to get a new Body, and make Experiments, and afterwards consider the Theory.———' No, says the *Peripatetick*; it can't be done; and therefore I'll not offer to budge till I see

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a Demonſtration of a poſſibility, in *Mood and Figure.* And as they were examining, a certain *Minor* which was propos'd, comes a Comet, and with a Bruſh of its Tail ſcowr'd the *Vacuum*, and daſh'd the Diſputants upon the *Vortex* again.

2 *Sp.* —— And what became o'th' Cauſe then?

1 *Sp.*—— It was put by till another Conference, by reaſon of a black deformed Spirit that had had the Misfortune to leave its Body for a worſe Place, which came roaring and howling into the midſt of the *Carteſian Souls*, crying out, Where's the Spirit of *Des-Cartes*, that pretended to prove a Deity by Innate *Ideas*, when he ſhou'd have prov'd ſuch *Idea* to be the *Idea* of a real Being; 'twas the weakneſs of this Argument that damn'd me: Beſides, I'm continually chous'd and hunted about by a company of ſnearing Devils, that ſtigmatize me with the ſcandalous Character of a *Carteſian Spirit*; pointing at me with their *ſooty Paws*, as I paſs along; Do ye ſee (ſays one) yonder Inhabitant of the *Carteſian World*: See (ſays another) the Artiſt that preaches of a ſubtle Matter which forms the Liquidity of Bodies. Pray (ſays a Third) will you go ask your *Maſter* what he means by the Sun's *forming a great Vertex of fluid Matter for the Stars to ſwim in*? And whether the Sun is both Agent and Patient in ſuch a Formation? If not, of what pre-exiſtent Matter he forms this *fluid Matter*? Or, whether he pretends to an immediate Creation of it out of nothing? with a thou-

ſand more ſuch puzzling Queſtions, which doubles my damnation, to ſolve 'em.——— Now Mr. *Des Cartes*, if you can keep up your Credit, and mollifie my Plagues, do it quickly: —— Don't trouble me yet, reply'd the **Philoſophical Spirit**, leſt you ſpoil a new Notion that I left unfiniſhed upon my Deathbed. O (ſays the *Black Diſciple*) that my Maſter ſhou'd ſtudy to damn People when they are dead! I'il warrant you, 'tis to find out the reaſon why *Mercury* is ſometimes nearer the *Earth* than the *Sun*: But pray, by the way, what's the Uſe of this, and a thouſand more ſuch *Phænomena's*, if Vertue be the proper Task of the Intellect, & if the buſineſs of a wiſe Man be not Talking, but living? Thus the poor Spirit troop'd off again without his Errand, ratling his inviſible Chains, and calling Philoſophy **Beelzebubiſm.**

1 *Sp.*——— This was a very ſtrange Paſſage indeed, and puts me in mind of half a dozen Philoſophical Spirits, which were huddled together, and ty'd Muzzle to Muzzle in the *Baſtile of Mercury*, for pretending to find out a way to appear viſible to Mortals, without the aſſumption of Aerial Bodies, or any other Vehicle; as I paſs'd by 'em, there was one that had his Notion too ſetled to remove it by ſuch a Treatment.———Courage (ſaid he) Comrades; I'il procure a ſpeedy Manumiſſion from this Cage, by appearing in this poſture to the Inhabitants of every Globe, and making 'em ſend Ambaſſadors to our Judge about us. ——, Say you ſo (ſays one of 'em) I pray make a Demonſtration to

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us first how it may be done. Thus; (reply'd the other) The Representation of Things is not always confin'd to the ordinary Method of assuming the similitude of the thing seen into the Eye, which necessarily supposes a Subject to be assumed; but the visive power may exercise *Ideas* and *Similitudes* of things that are not, by indisposition or illusion. Thus by beating up the interior Organs, and acting briskly upon the Fancy, I can make the Patient to believe a resemblance of what I please, or I can deceive the *Eye*, by indisposing it, through the annoyance of internal Fumes, Vapours, *&c.* ——— Thus have I made Experiments on Persons, who, whilst they have been lying in Bed, wou'd look upon the Windows, and see *Curious Globes, and Figures of all shapes and colours*, which wou'd move before the Eye, if the Eye follows 'em, or wou'd pursue the motion of the Eye, if it drew from 'em. I might add the possibility of accomplishing my end by false Refractions of Light, Interpositions of Bodies, *&c.* But I'll let that alone till I come into a Body; when I'll take some pains to undeceive the World below about Apparitions of ill Spirits, which are as commonly form'd in the Eye, as inclos'd in Aery Vehicles. Hold, not a word more of their Customs (reply'd the other) lest we shou'd be over-heard, and so receive double Punishment for Correspondence with Apostates — Thus the poor muzzled wretches were confin'd for some time; but at their Trial, they, upon urging some such Arguments as I have now offer'd, convinc'd their

Judges, and were again ſet at Liberty.

2. *Sp.*——I remember I was there at the ſame time, and there came in a Meſſenger *Poſt-haſte*, ſaying, There are juſt now arriv'd a great number of *Separate Souls* upon the *Confines of the Moon*, that pretend to bring in *Remonſtrances* againſt the *whole Philoſophical Academy of Souls*; at which, the *Spirit of* Ariſtotle, who was always good at *Subterfuges* and *By-holes*, complain'd of Indiſpoſition, and that he wanted to converſe with the Spirit of *Galen*; but he was no ſooner clear of the Crowd, but he mounts up through the *Cælum Empyreum*, and gets out of the Wicket into that *vaſt indefinite Space*, to be free'd from the importunate clamour of his thouſand thouſand Diſciples fluttering about him. I cou'd not forbear following him, to ſee the humour on't; and amongſt other things, I overheard him crying out, *Oh that I had been* Alexander's *Horſe*, inſtead of *he* being my *Pupil*; then I had liv'd quietly *in Hiſtory, and had been only* Curvetting, Pawing, or Neighing *in the Fancy of the Learned: But now (Wretch that I am) I've div'd ſo deep, that I have not only loſt my ſelf, but am alſo acceſſary to the* Deſtruction *of my* Proſelytes. *Methinks I ſee my ſelf catching at Impoſſibilities, and inſtead of 'em, graſp ſome ſtrange bewitching Dream, that has either Blaſphemy againſt the Gods in't, or is a ſacrilegious Story of their* Secrets, *belying what I cou'd not diſcover. Methinks I alſo ſee that inquiſitive Race of Mankind liſtning to partake of the* forbidden Notions, *and rather than fail, they turn over my Works ſo oft till they find ſome-*

thing

thing in 'em, that I my self never thought of, nor design'd. Hereupon, they begin to explain Incomprehensibles, *till they are serv'd by succeeding Ages as they serv'd me; but the whole Blame and Punishment returns upon me, because I set 'em first at work. Oh that I had defin'd* Vertue to have been Vertue; *and* Vice to have been Vice; *I'd scap'd the scowring of so many duplicated Damnations, and might have walk'd quietly in the Battlements of the* Moon, *without Noise and Disturbance.*

But as I was intent upon the Philosopher's Expostulations, I saw at a distance three Millions of *separated Spirits*, all *Females*; they had been ridicul'd, and chas'd out of all the Globes for their awkward Dresses, and brought along with 'em the Fashons of Two and Fifty Languages into the *Indefinite Space* above the Heavens. Some had got *Ruffs* about their Necks as big as Cart-wheels; some *Head Dresses* as large as the Tail of a *Comet*; some were in one Dress, and some in another; a few were rubbing and scowring the outside of Heaven, to make it transparent, that they might see to dress their whole Body by it; some were doing, some were uning; some were pleas'd, some in a Passion: some lik'd their own Mode the best, and some prefer'd that of another; and some were quarrelling with every particular Dress, and made up a *Jargon of all Dresses* together: But to see the different Figures, Postures, Courtsies, Complements, and Tittle-tattle amongst 'em, made me believe that they were some Generation of Spirits which I had never

heard of: Whereupon, I apply'd my self to the *Aristotelian Soul* I told you of, to desire his *Opinion*; who told me, he had done *Opinioning*; but if I wou'd ask the Spirit behind me, I might be inform'd: Upon which, I turn'd me round, & saw a *Thing* all hung with Clouds and Vapours, in an Aery Humane Shape, wringing his Hands, and sighing at a wretched Rate; as I made up to him, I cou'd hear him say, —— *Poor* Heraclitus, *Whither now! Hast thou searched the whole Universe, and every particular Globe of the Creation, to retire from new Objects of thy* Over-pity, *and all this, to find the greatest behind in this* Indefinite Space? *Alas, now I am desperate in my Search, and will give o'er, since* Female Spirits *are so wedded to Impertinencies, as not to leave 'em when dead.* — Upon the mention of the Word *Female Spirits*, I troop'd off with all the speed imaginable, for fear of being caught up for a Foot-Boy. Spirit, by one Madam C — in *Exchange-Alley*; who I well knew was as proud of a Livery-Boy, as *Paint* and *Fucus*: I had no sooner got within the heavenly Wicket again, but I stumbled upon a Disputation that was held upon the Verge of *Saturn*. But I came a little too late, and cou'd only hear the latter part of the Conference; which by Plurality of Voices, *fix'd a Liberty of Conscience*, and that the Spirits of *Jews*, *Pagans*, and *Christians*, should all be free to believe themselves *Children of Philosophy*, *and of the Number of the Elect*. I pass'd on from thence without taking any Leave; (for there are no Spirits among the Stars, that use Ceremonies,

remonies, but *European Female Spirits*, and they were most of them chas'd out of the *Universe*, as I noted before; and coming near, the Globe of *Jupiter*, there was a great Concourse of Spirits about a Chalenge between a Heathen and Christian *Philosophick Soul*, concerning the *Burning up of the World*: Here might Humanity if they'd had *Eyes and Prospective Glasses strong enough*, have seen their old *Maxime* confuted, which says, *There's no penetration of Bodies*; for here were at least ten Millons of Spirits got together all into one Body to hear the Dispute; but there was such a fluttering Hubbub, that the Orators were fain to leave off a while, to see if the Noise would cease; tho' in vain, for every little Auditor wou'd pretend to dictate, and give his Opinion: I cou'd hear one something louder than the rest, crying out, —— Alas, alas, if the World is to be burnt up, and all the Stars consum'd, what shall I do for a Lodging; I shall ne'er away with the Converse of *Feminine Spirits in the indefinite Space*: Oh, says another, for my Master *Aristotle*, how gladly wou'd I learn o'er again the Lesson of the World's Eternity, that I might be able to confute this Litigious Spirit, that pleads for an untenanting of the Stars. Another was for Bantering; and said, the Universe wou'd make a prodigal Burnt-Offering. Thus one cries out one thing, and another another; so that the whole Assembly began to vote it penal to name such a Topick; and that there shou'd be no more such Challenges for fear of a Tumult. You know I was always a mortal

tal hater of Tumults and Quarrels; so that being in haste to get away, I made but one flight to the World in *Venus*; where I light upon a very high Mountain; but I had not tarry'd long there, but the Mountain was surrounded with Myriads of *Female Spirits*, Arm'd *Cap a-pe* with immaterial Javelins, Bows, Darts, and Colours of War; and one amongst the rest, comes up to me, giving me to understand in short, that I must either quit that Globe, or prepare to encounter all the Inhabitants; which were mostly *Amazonians* and *Stoicesses*, and had a Charter from the Secretary of *Fate*, to make that Globe their *Retreat*, to secure 'em from the Insolencies of *Male Spirits*; and also, that they had the Privilege to chastise all intruding *Male Spirits* as they pleas'd, by a *Court Martial*; and therefore, believing me to be a Traveller, and a Stranger to their Customs, were so courteous, as to give me time and opportunity to dispose of my self as I pleas'd. —— I view'd the soft Herald from Top to Toe, and considering her Air and Features, I remember that in my last Search in the Registry of *Fate*, I had seen her Character, with this Signature over against it.

I had no need to ask Questions upon this Reflexion, knowing the *Riddle* would be resolv'd in another Globe, *Anno Dom.* 1691. and so without any acknowledgment of the Obligation, or other complement, than in thought, I stood off again; and in about two Seconds

of a Minute, got to the *Boundaries of the World in* Mars: There I was up to the Ears at firſt daſh, amongſt *Male-Spirits*; (forgive the Expreſſion, I'm to be embody'd ſhortly,) and found 'em generally calling Councels of War, which put me upon the Curioſity of enquiring what Religion they were of; and I was inform'd they were moſtly *Chriſtian Spirits*: and upon asking what their General was? I preſently concluded, *Nothing at all.* —— A ſtrange kind of Exreſſion, *Brother*, is not it? But 'tis not ſtrange, when I add, That it was farther told me, they were to fight againſt, and deſtroy one another, for ſuch mean Intereſts, as (when examin'd,) are not worth the exerciſing any Paſſion but **Hate**. Indeed this amaz'd me above whatever I met with in all my Rambles, altho' the next Encounter was not altogether unworthy my Reflexions. —— 'Twas thus:

A little farther was a *Nunnery of Spirits*, wherein a certain Fault had been committed; but I dare not ſay what, for fear of proſecution the next time I travel that way, ſince the Law was ſatisfy'd, in giving up the *Criminal* to the **Mob of Spirits**; which handled her ſeverely enough; and afterwards away they hurry'd her to a certain *Meeting of Diſſenting Spirits*; and having pull'd the *Non-reſiſting Preacher* off his *Pedeſtal*, (for they uſe neither Chairs nor Pulpits in that Globe,) one of the *Ring-leaders* mounts, and begins as follows:

Liberty, Boys, Liberty; away with theſe dull Canting Spirits, who, under pretence of being good,

good, only meet to plot againſt our Freedom: Why do they tell us of hard Names and thinking, *and not preach up* Liberty, *or ſomething elſe that's* new? *For my part, I'm for* Toleration of nothing but what ſuits my Humour. *No matter who's uppermoſt, or what the* laſt *or* next *Council decrees; 'tis all one to* Mob; *and whoever is of my Opinion*, let him hold up the dirty end of his Wand, and cry Cluck.— Hereupon, they all cluck'd ſo loud that the Spirits which carry'd *that Globe*, ran away from their Commiſſion, and down it fell betwixt *Mercury* and the *Sun*, and ſpoil'd the *Ptolomaick Syſteme* of the Heavens; for my part, I got out of it as ſoon as I cou'd, and left the *Rabble*, who were going to pull a *Pedant* out of his School, for Tyrannizing over one of their Brethren.

I was no ſooner got ſafe out of the *Whirligigg-Planet*, but I met with *Charles's wain*, laden with twenty *dozen of Souls*, bundled up cloſe, and laid neatly upon *Pillows of Snow*; as I came near, to ask the meaning, up ſtarts one of them, and call'd me *Impertinent and Saucy*, for not making my *Honours* before I ask'd Queſtions; whereupon, I made a very *humble Grin*, and call'd 'em *worſhipful Dons*; thinking 'em to be *Spaniſh Souls*; upon which, one of 'em condeſcended to tell me, in anſwer to my firſt Queſtion, That they were *Gentlemen Souls*, and ſcorning the Drudgery of walking into their Bodies, were accommodated with that *Heavenly Calaſh* to ride in, cautioning me for the future to be more exact in my Diſtinctions, and to *obſerve a due*

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Deference to the Honourable. It growing late, I ſtep'd into the *next Star*; where the Inhabitants were very ſmall, yet very courteous, and entertain'd me handſomely that night. The next Morning I ſet out upon my *Ramble* again, and met the *Caravan*, (alias *Charles's wain*,) the ſecond time, laden with a new *Shoal of Spirits*, and bound for the other *world*; at which I began to make my *Honours* (as precaution'd) but was laugh'd at by the Waggoner, who told me, they were a Company of *Pick-Pocket, High-way, and Clipping-Spirits*, (that is deſign'd for Bodies of ſuch Profeſſions) and foreknowing the unkind Treatment they were to meet with in the other World, wou'd not go into their Bodies; but were forc'd to be carry'd. I was a little vex'd at the Miſtake; but you know (*Brother*) that Travellers muſt comply with Cuſtoms, and put up *Indignities* on all hands.

1 *Sp.*—'Tis very right; and without ſuch compliance, 'tis better to tarry in ones own native Star, where there's freedom both to ſpeak and act, without conſtraint.——— But amongſt all your Rambles, did you never make a Viſit to the Globe of the *Earth?*

2 *Sp.*——Don't mention that *Place*, if you have any reſpect to my Eaſe; for as it is the very Setling and Dreg of the Creation, ſo have its Inhabitants proportionable Qualifications.

1 *Sp.*——Pray pardon my Inquiſitiveneſs, and give me one Inſtance; I know not by what Fatality it comes about; but a *new Theory of Pain* is as bewitching to me, as a *ſmall Practick in Pleaſure.*

2 *Sp.*

2 *Sp.*——Is it so? Why then Imagine your self amongst a numerous Crowd of Mortals; every one a *Bastile* or *Vatican* to your old dear Acquaintance; Suppose you saw your Relations looking out of Mortal Eyes, (as the Grates of Prisons;) and now and then stealing a Glance at the *Skies*, the place of their old habitation: Suppose you also hear one calling out to you, Pray pay me a Visit at night, when the Body has little need of my Attendance, that I may give you an Account what an ambitious, restless Lump it is that I animate: Pray (says another) come see me when my Body's asleep, that I may have some vent to my Sorrows, by telling you the vast difference betwixt a Body'd and an unbody'd Spirit. No, (says a Third,) but if you'l come and see me, I'll preach the Doctrine of Humanity to you; possibly it may have such an effect upon you, as you may escape the first Damnation for three or four hundred Years longer. Suppose you hear five Thousand more beginning to make their Complaints, and the Body, like a Tip-staff, or Serjeant, hurrying 'em away into new experiments of Horror, before they can tell their Story out.

1 *Sp.*—— Hold, pray no more;—— I've enough of Humanity: Let's be gone; if your way lies towards the World in *Saturn*, I'll bear you Company,

2 *Sp.*——I'm oblig'd to you: March then.

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DIALOGUE XXVII.

Between the Spirit that is to be last imbody'd, and the Spirit that is to be first re-united to the Body at the Day of Judgment.

1 *Spirit.*—— HOld, hold, *Brother*, don't leave me yet: —— Alas, he's gone, and with him all the whole Society of Spiris! What have I to converse with now but inanimate Globes, aud senseless Constellations? What signifies it that I am *Lord of all*, when I have no Subjects to reign over; no agreeable Mate (I mean, of the same *Species*,) to accompany me? Unkind Fate, to imbody all the *Thousand Thousands of my Brethren*, and to leave me to wander up and down the Universe by my self! —— The World is to me a sort of *Prison*, not by *Diminution*, but by *Deprivation*; for a *Prison* is not properly call'd a Prison, for being so *great*, *or so little*; but being a *Confinement from such and such Enjoyments*. —— Oh that I cou'd cease to be, or transmigrate into any other *Classis of Creatures*! For what state is more unhappy than that which *gives a power of enjoying Good, and denies a Subject to exercise his power upon*? —— But stay, why do I repine? Some Spirit must necessarily have been the last;

laſt; and tho' it is I, yet it cannot be long but my Turn will quickly come.

2 *Sp.* Nine hundred ninety nine Millions of Millions, ——— Let me ſee again; poſſibly my *Calculation* may be falſe. — Suppoſe once more, that every Man (computing one Man with another,) is compos'd of a handful of *pure Earth*, all the Particles of the other Elements being ſeparated from it, then it follows, that juſt ſo many Handfuls of Earth as the Globe contains in it, may be made into Men; but no more, unleſs the *God of Nature* will make more *Earthly Globes*; for when every Man riſes at the Day of Judgment, and aſſumes his own particular handful of Earth, if there ſhou'd be more *Men* than *Earth*, — Ha, — Some Souls muſt go without Bodies; which is very abſurd. — Nor is it very reaſonable, that the Earth ſhou'd not every Bit of it be made into Men, that when they come to take every one their own, there may be no Earth left; and then 'tis an eaſie thing for the *laſt Fire* to conſume the other Elements. No, ——— that won't do neither; — for I'd forgot that Man is made of all the Elements; and therefore when all the Earth is ſpent in making Men, the Elements muſt be ſpent likewiſe, that is, the whole *Earth*, *Air*, *Fire* and *Water*, will (when every one takes their own,) be equally divided, and march up and down an Eternal Indefinite Space, or *Vacuum, in living Glorify'd Humanity*. — Very well, — now I have it; There were at firſt 9999999999 Spirits, and there's juſt ſo many handful of Duſt

Dust in the Earth. Now if I cou'd tell how many Spirits are yet unbody'd, 'tis but subtracting the Remainder from the first Number, and the difference is the Handfuls of Earth that are yet to be made into Men; and when I know this, I shall know how long it will be before I shall be *re-united* again to my *Body*, which I was separated from about 3000 *Years since.*—— Methinks I long to renew the *old Acquaintance.*

1 *Sp.*—— What *Mathematical Soul* is this that's computing the *Day of Judgment?* It has always been too deep a Secret for Humanity to pry into.

2 *Sp.*—— I have laid by that dull heavy Lump a great while since.

1 *Sp.*—— But 'tis said, that Angels themselves are ignorant of that Day.

2 *Sp.*—— Yes, they were so at that time, when such Words were spoken, because they knew not how fast Spirits wou'd be unbodied, or how the Age of Man might *shorten*; nor consequently how long it wou'd be before the World was made into Men; but if you can give me an Account how many Spirits are yet unbody'd, I will tell you just now how long it is till the *Day of Judgment.*

1 *Sp.*—— None of 'em but my self.

2 *Sp.*—— How! are all the 999999999 Souls (which were made upon the same day that the Angels were) sent into Bodies, except you?

1 *Sp.*—— Yes, all but my self; I've just now parted with my last Companion.

2 *Sp.* If so, the date of your pre-existence is just at an end; perhaps within this quarter of a Minute; for there's always some young Body or other gaping for a Soul to actuate it.

1 *Sp.*——I shall be very glad of it; for 'tis afflicting to be the only remaining Creature of one *Species*.

2 *Sp.*——'Tis so. But——

1 *Sp.*——Farewel; I am call'd away too, and with me the whole Race of unbodied Souls lose their Name, and change their very Nature.

2 *Sp.*——Is he gone?——I knew it cou'd not be long that he had to tarry,——Let me see;——No,——That won't do;——That's right; upon a modest computation, the World must expire within these 70 Years; for it's great odds this last unbodied Soul will be separated again before that *Period*: Besides, there must be some left alive, which will undergo the same change without dying, as the Body and Soul will do at their *Re-union*; therefore perhaps within these 70 all will be over.——Now methinks I see that little share of Dust that belongs to me, receive its first Impression, and beckon to me to renew our old Acquaintance and Union; Methinks I see my self as eager in my Embraces of my old Comrade, and as busie in exercising my Offices of *Perception*, &c. as ever. But I'm at a loss as to the manner how, because of the inexpressible Change that my *Organs* must undergo. But I'll let that Thought alone, since I'm satisfy'd, Experience

perience will teach me, that and every thing else within a very small Revolution of Time.

DIALOGUE XXIX.

Betwixt Two Spirits; one that pretends to deny Pre-existence, *and the other to prove it.*

1 *Spirit.*—WHat am I? Whence is my Original? And to what end am I design'd?

2 *Sp.*—You are a pre-existent Spirit, made upon the —— Day of the Creation; *Your Original is Nothingness, as to the Subject; but as to the Cause, it is the Eternal Mind.*; who, when he sees fitting, will provide you a Body to act in.

1 *Sp.*—— What do you mean? For my part, I believe you and I are both of us just now created; but if you are pre-existent, and it now is 5000 Years and more since the beginning of your Existence, pray answer me, *How many Sons* Adam *had*; *what part of the Year the World was made in*; but don't answer after the old Evasion, *viz. at all times of the Year*; but *in what Sign the Sun was first placed?*

2 *Sp.*—— I have forgot now, 'tis so long since.

1 *Sp.*

1 *Sp.* —— I thought Reminiſcence had been co-eſſential with, or a part of the Nature of Spirits; for according to the beſt Definitions, the Soul is a *Cogitative Faculty*. Now if Thinking, Diſpoſing, Meditating, Examining, Compounding, Dividing, Apprehending, Joyning the Subject and the Attribute, Affirming, Denying, Suſpending, &c. be the Function and Natural Acts of the Soul, it is neceſſary that Memory be an eſſential Attribute of it; for how is it poſſible to compare two things together, unleſs we remember the Firſt after we have examin'd the Second; for to think of two Things at once, is impoſſible, and it is ſo granted by all that make a due diſtinction between a Finite and an Infinite Being; being what comes neareſt this Act, is the quick diſtinction of Letters in Reading, or the ſwift, yet regular Motion of the Fingers in Muſick. Now ſince Reminiſcence is co-eſſential with Souls, an Argument may be drawn from hence to prove you *degenerate*, if not a *Non Exiſtent*.

2 *Sp.* —— That I have a Being I'm certain, and this Converſe with you, demonſtrates it.

1 *Sp.* —— Come, I'll grant you for once, that you are pre-exiſtent, if you'll grant me, that my Body which I'm juſt now going into, is alſo pre-exiſtent, and was created before *Adam* had a Being; but I'll ask for no Conceſſions, which I'll not firſt deſerve by demonſtration: —— For I may prove my Body contemporary with *Adam*'s altho' not viſible till above 5000 Years after he was created.

2 *Sp.*

2 *Sp.* ——Pray how can that be?

1 *Sp.* ——When Matter was created, 'twas a great Store-house of all other Beings that were to be created from it, all which lay confusedly sleeping in their *Chaos*; but of this *Lump* was *Adam* created; and if so, he himself was potentially in it before he had a specifick Being. After his Creation, he was maintain'd from the productions of Earth and Water, by a destruction of, or more properly, through a conversion of their Natures into his. Hence *Adam*'s Children were only a Transmutation of other material Bodies, or the Effect of Meat and Drink in new *Figures*, which lay once in such and such Creatures, and before that in the material *Chaos* we first spoke of. Now since the Mechanism of Nature is order'd that it cannot be destroy'd (unless by its Author,) but only transmuted or chang'd into other Matter; as a Fire that burns, part of it goes to Ashes, part into Soot, part into Air, but yet is always somewhere, or in some thing; so that all the visible Changes we see, are nothing else but a conversion of one Element into another backwards and forwards, according to the adaptness and modifications of Agents and Patients; This consider'd, it will plainly appear, that that Body which I am just now going into, was the last year part of it growing in such a Crop of Corn, part of it in such an Apple-tree, part of it in such a River, part of it in such an Ox, Sheep, Fowl, *&c.* and only by a proper Revolution of Particles under different *Species*, so adaptly disposited, that

that Nature found the Compoſition to fit one new diſtinct *Species* by it ſelf; and according to its Commiſſion, or firſt Settled Chain of Cauſes produc'd a humane Body, fit for the Actuation and Conjunction of a Spirit. Hence 'tis manifeſt my Body was as ſoon in the Boſom of its Cauſes as *Adam*'s, and the laſt Body that ſhall be created, as ſoon as mine. Nay, to go farther, ſince from Eternity the great *Creator* did deſign to make a World, from which my Body was to be produced, I might ſay, that my Body was from all Eternity *deſignedly* and *potentially*, tho' *actually* in time,; which is the utmoſt that can be ſaid of the Pre exiſtence of Spirits. And I defie every Spirit in the Univerſe, to prove the leaſt difference in Time betwixt the actual Commencement of the Exiſtence of its Body, and its ſelf, or that the Potentiality of both is not equal, to wit, eternal.

1 *Sp.* This Argument wou'd hold, if it cou'd be prov'd, *That the Soul is not ſo clogg'd and incapacitated in its Act of Reminiſcence by coming into the Body, but that it might eaſily recollect what has happen'd in its pre exiſtent ſtate*, For we have innumerable Inſtances of the Soul's being more incapacitated in its Functions one time than another, in the ſame Body, and this by Fits, Diſtractions, Diſeaſes, *&c.* Which to me appears demonſtrative, that if the Indiſpoſitions of the Body, which are only accidental, hinder a regular operation of the Soul; much more may the Body it ſelf, when firſt ty'd to, and made coeſſential with it.

2 *Sp.*

2 *Sp.* We'll grant, much depends on the Body, as to the Mode of Perception and action, but not so very much as is suppos'd; To mention that leisure time of Dreams; When perhaps the Body and Soul have the least actual dependance one of another, we shall find the habit of Reminiscence fresh at awaking again; but to shew for once, that the Soul does not forget what it acts when separate from the Body, by reason of the Body's indisposition. Consider the Cases of Trances, Examinations of Witches, *&c.* what think ye of a Soul that has rambled out of the Body for two or three days together, and when it has return'd, and the Body reviv'd, it has told of infallible Truths some hundred Miles distance, where it self actually was: This we have hundreds of creditable Instances to prove? which consider'd, does fully (from the first presuppos'd consequence of Reminiscence,) destroy the Doctrine of *Pre-existence.*

1 *Sp.* —— Well, I shall consider of it as soon as I have any leisure; in the mean time Farewel.

2 *Sp.* —— Farewel.

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Drunkard, a Bastard and a Necromancer, Charon
and Hobbs, an Emperor and a Beggar, Pascal and a
Bookseller, a General, a Midwife and an Execu-
tioner, etc.